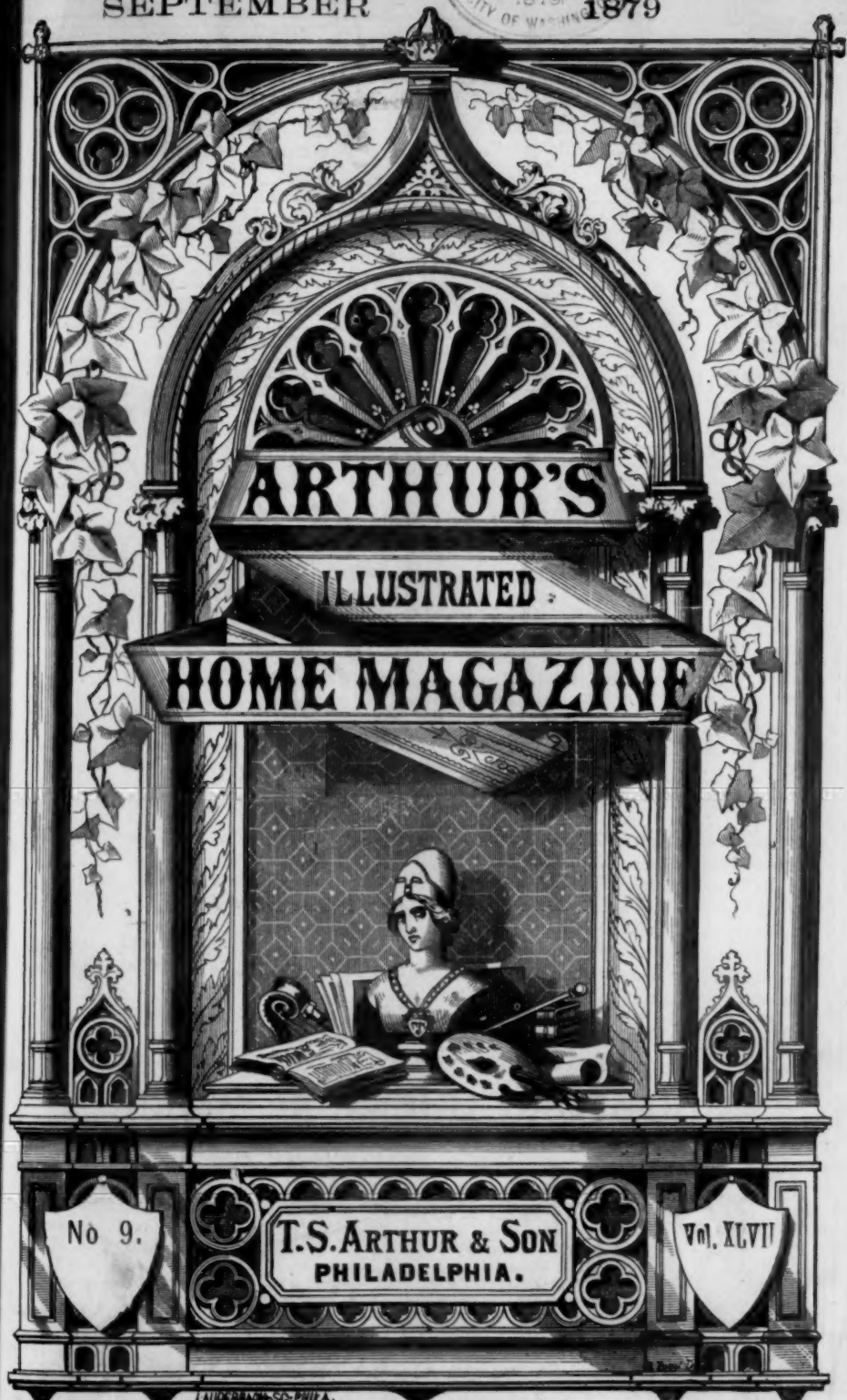


SEPTEMBER

No. 10600
1879
CITY OF WASHINGTON 1879



No 9.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

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Office "HOME MAGAZINE,"

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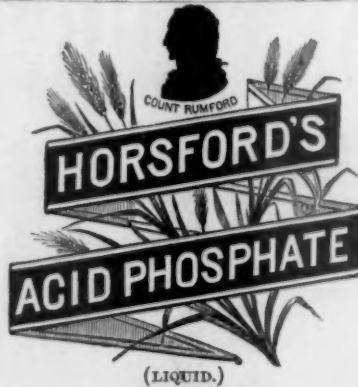
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Corset made. For sale by all
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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE COSTUME.

FIGURE
No. 1.—The engraving represents a costume of plain gingham, trimmed with striped gingham and white linen buttons. The skirt is demitrained, and has a bias bounce of the plain goods, bordered at the bottom by a bias striped band and set on under a narrow bias ruffle of the striped goods, for the lower trimming. The model to the skirt is No. 6567, price 30 cents, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The overskirt front has the shawl drapery effect, without the usual overlapping sides. Upon the right side is arranged a bias pocket-lap, with a row of buttons in front of it. The back-breadth is a straight width, draped by plaits laid in the edges before the seams are closed. The model to the overskirt is No. 6660, price 25 cents. Like the



skirt it is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The basque is in the new *panier* style, and is adjusted in a novel manner. Instead of being fitted by darts, the front is adjusted by a side-gore, that curves sharply out from the arm's-eye to give sufficient spring for the bust. An under-arm dart, under-arm and side-back seams, and a center seam, adjust the remainder of the garment perfectly. A bow is over the end of the back, and a bias band of striped goods trims the lower edges. Lapel ornaments are upon the fronts of the model, but have in this case been omitted in favor of a Pompadour composed of narrow bias bands of the striped goods. The model to the basque is No. 6661, price 25 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE COSTUME.

MISSSES' POLONAISE.

No. 6670.—These engravings represent a favorite style of polonaise for a miss. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and calls for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise for a miss of 13 years. Price of any size, 25 cents.



6670

Front View.



6656

Front View.

CHILD'S GORED PETTICOAT.

No. 6656.—This petticoat is represented as composed of flannel, neatly finished with embroidery. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. To make the petticoat for a child of 4 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' COSTUME.



6670

Back View.



6668

Front View.

CHILD'S HIGH-NECKED, PLAIN WAIST, WITHOUT A DART.

No. 6668.—This simple yet pretty little waist pattern is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. There are no darts or other means of adjustment necessary, owing to the skillful shaping of the seams upon the shoulders and under the arms, and consequently the waist is easily made. To make it for a child of 3 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of any variety of goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 10 cents.

FIGURE NO. 2.—Costumes having plain round skirts are again fashionable for the miss and are certainly very neat, comfortable and stylish. As a rule, heavy material, such as velvet, corduroy or cloth, is used for plain skirts; but if ordinary fabrics are chosen, they will require a heavy facing in order to hang well.

The skirt to this stylish costume is made of velvet and was cut by pattern No. 6390, which is in 5 sizes for misses from 11 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. A pattern for plaited flounces comes with the model.

The polonaise has a *panier* drapery, and is model No. 6670, which is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. It is of light cloth, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

* To make the costume of one variety of material for a miss of 13 years, will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide; the skirt calling for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the polonaise for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. If 48-inch-wide goods are used, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards will suffice for the costume; the skirt requiring $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and the polonaise $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



6664

Front View.



6657

Front View.

6657

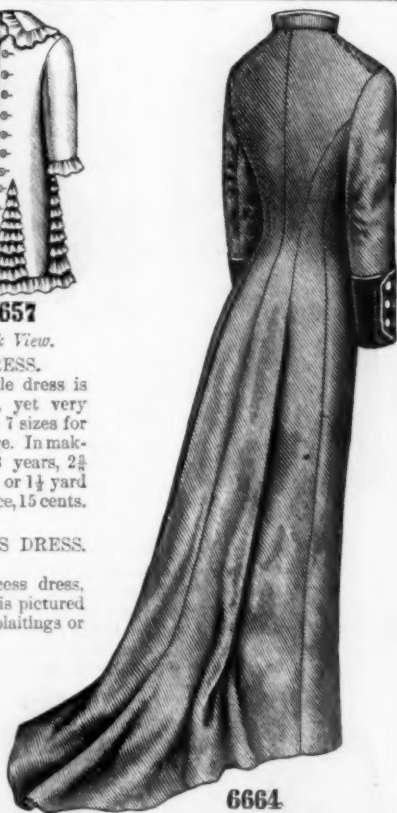
Back View.

CHILD'S FRENCH DRESS.

No. 6657.—This dainty little dress is particularly novel and pretty, yet very simply made. The model is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. In making the dress for a child of 3 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, are needed. Price, 15 cents.

LADIES' PLAIN PRINCESS DRESS.
(MEDIUM TRAIN.)

No. 6664.—A plain Princess dress, suited to any kind of material, is pictured in these engravings. Ruffles, plaitings or any kind of trimming may be added on the skirt, and the front may be faced in vest or *plastron* style with any contrasting fabric. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The pattern, for a lady of medium size, requires 9 yards 22 inches wide, or 4 yards that is 48 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



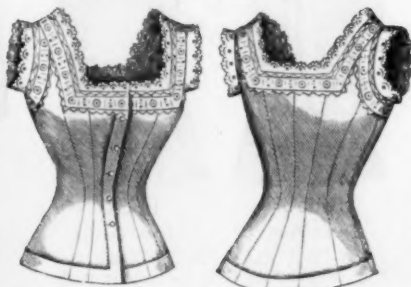
6664

Back View.



6660

Front View.



6605

Front View.

6605

Back View.

LADIES' CORSET-COVER.

No. 6605.—This useful pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the corset-cover for a lady of medium size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide will be required. Price, 25 cents.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6660.—A very graceful model for an over-skirt of any material desired is here illustrated. By an arrangement of broad trimming-bands, a double effect is given to the front-gores. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



6660

Back View.



6674

Front View.



6669

Front View.



6669

Back View.

CHILD'S YOKE SLIP.

No. 6669.—This dainty little slip may be made of any desirable material. The model is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the slip as portrayed in the present engravings for a child of 3 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide. Price of any size, 15 cents.



6674

Back View.

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLE-BREADED DRESSING-GOWN.

No. 6674.—The handsome dressing-gown depicted in these engravings is made of seal-brown cashmere, prettily completed with facings of brocade. Lady's-cloth, silk, brocade, velvet, wool-delaine, serge, merino, camel's-hair, Tycoon reps, etc., may be as stylishly made up by the model. The pattern is in 13 sizes for gentlemen from 32 to 44 inches, breast measure. To make the dressing-gown as illustrated in the present engravings for a gentleman of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, together with $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lining 27 inches wide. Price of any size, 50 cents.



6673

Front View.



6658

Front View.



6658

Back View.

GIRLS' PANIER COSTUME.

No. 6658.—This little costume is made of suiting, and its drapery is in *panier* style. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old, and calls for $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, in making the costume for a girl of 6 years. Price, 25 cents.



6673

Back View.

GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLE-BREADED DRESSING-GOWN.

No. 6673.—This elegant dressing-gown may be constructed of cashmere, brocade, silk, serge or any desirable fabric, and decorated with facings of some rich contrasting goods. The facings may be plain, brocaded, quilted or embroidered. The model is in 13 sizes for gentlemen from 32 to 44 inches, breast measure. To make the garment as illustrated for a gentleman of medium size, will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide, together with $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lining 27 inches wide. Price of any size, 50 cents.

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RENT DAY. By WILKIE.—Page 438.

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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 9.



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

WARWICK CASTLE.

AMONG the chief objects of interest with which "merrie England" abounds, are its "stately homes."

"Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

Viewing their magnificent grounds, setting off to advantage their grand proportions, we are apt to think only of their romantic associations and by-gone splendours, losing sight entirely of all to which Tennyson alludes in his keen, forcible lines:

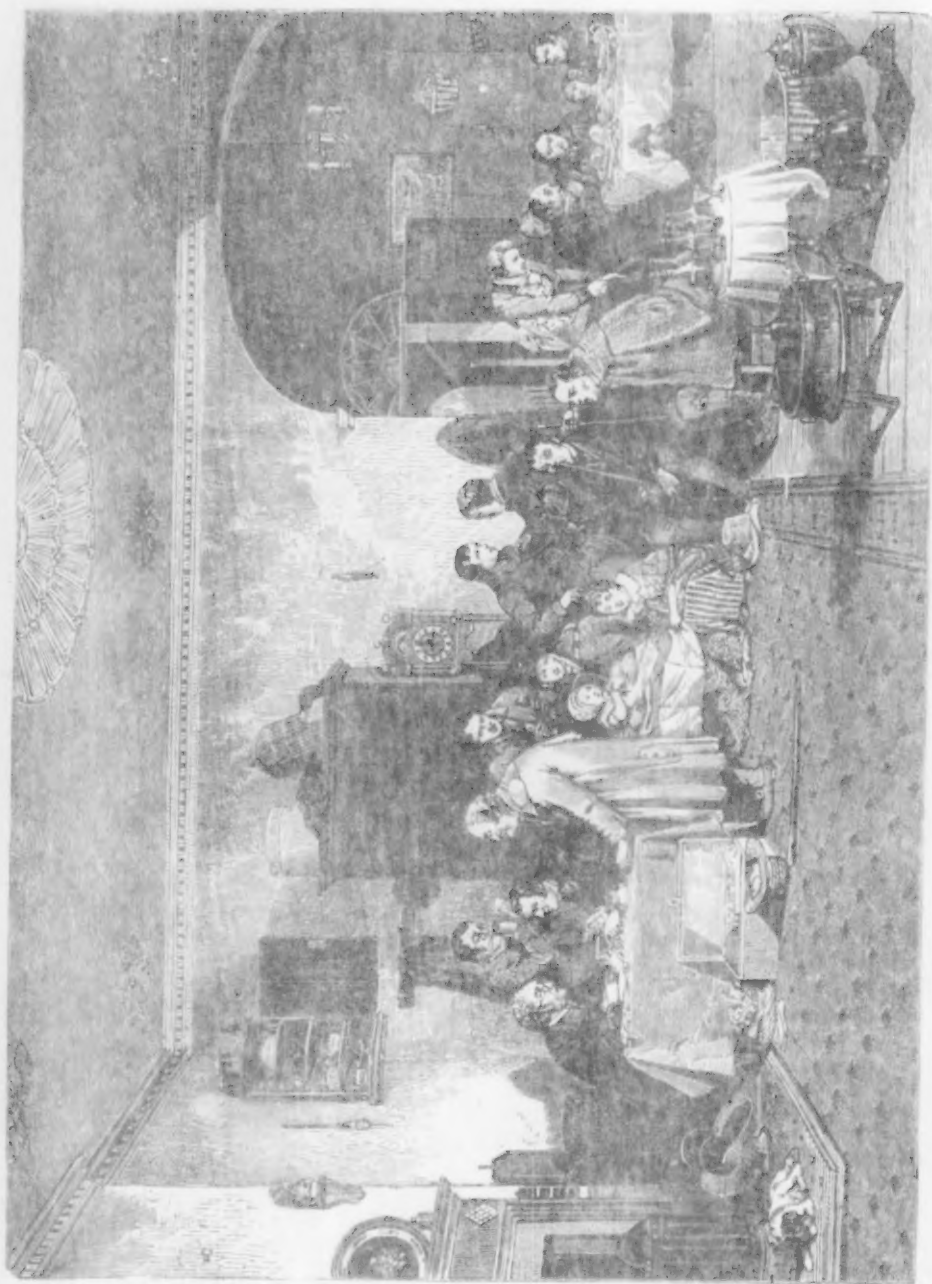
"To make old buseness picturesque,
And tuft with grass a feudal tower."

Certainly, on entering for the first time one of the most beautiful regions of Warwickshire, and beholding its noblest landmark, Warwick Castle, we would find it very difficult to believe that here had ever been known aught but peace. Gazing from the main road, as it crosses a bridge spanning a narrow stream,

beyond the waters of the Avon, rendered far more famous by their aforetime proximity to a grand, sweet soil than ever to a huge pile of stone, we may see the walls gray with age, and the frowning towers and battlements, half-hidden and made graceful, instead of terrible, by the gigantic chestnuts and cedars, and the luxuriant abundance of lichens and ivy.

We approach the castle, rising from the summit of a steep hill, through a passage cut out of the solid rock centuries ago—and gloomy still it remains, though wondrously softened by a later growth of vines and wild-flowers. Passing the same porter's lodge and portcullis that echoed to the tread of ancient knights and barons, we are suddenly confronted by a line of bold fortifications—Guy's Tower rises proudly on the right, Cesar's on the left, and they are connected by a ponderous wall, in the centre of which is an enormous arched gateway flanked with towers, and succeeded by a second arched gateway, also flanked with towers. The moat is no longer used, and an arch is thrown over it, where of old was

(413)



THE GREAT DAY, BY W. W. W. - P. 100

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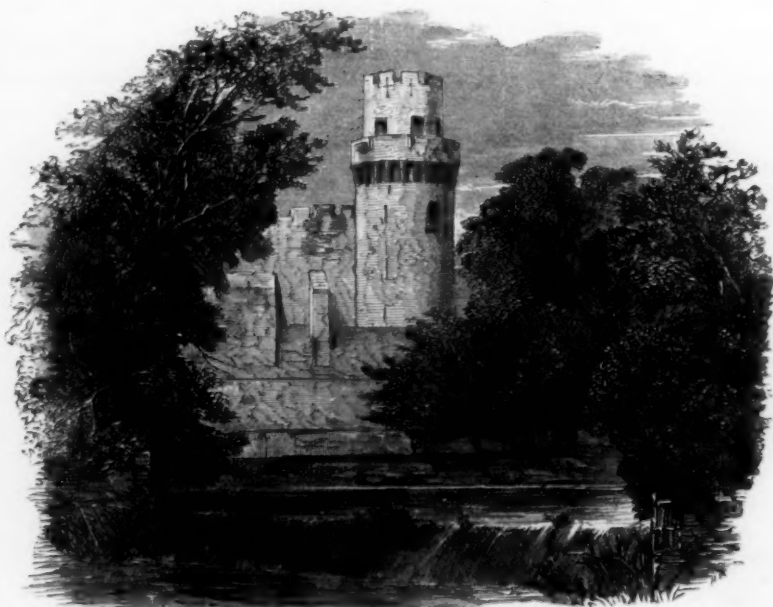
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the drawbridge. Beyond these formidable barriers is the inner court-yard; but now, instead of resounding to the hoofs of mailed steeds, all is quiet and peaceful. The castle itself is seen beyond a lovely green lawn, and a picturesque investiture of trees, ivy and evergreen shrubs.

The main entrance is by a flight of stone steps to the Great Hall. This is three hundred and thirty-three feet long, and its walls are decorated with armor of various periods. Among the pieces here displayed are the brass-studded helmet worn by Cromwell, the suit of mail belonging to Montrose, and the doublet in which Lord Broke was slain at Lichfield. On one side of the hall are the state apartments, and on the other the private ones, which last are not shown to visitors. Of all the rooms, however, it may be said that they have little of interest

tains a set of crimson velvet furniture, and hangings of Brussels tapestry, once the property of Queen Anne. The Great Dining-Room is adorned by a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, said to be the best in existence. Throughout there are fine examples of bronzes, china and statuary, with paintings by the most noted artists in addition to those mentioned, including Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa and Andrea del Sarto.

From any of the windows a most magnificent view may be obtained; but especially is this the case from the summit of Guy's Tower. This is reached by a flight of one hundred and thirty-three steps; but one is well repaid for the exertion in mounting them. We may see "the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuck-



THE CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

in themselves, other than might just as well attach to any elegant rooms, for they have all been refurnished according to modern styles, preserving to themselves few of the ancient characteristics as part of the dwelling-place of the Warwicks. So they will be found chiefly attractive on account of some of the famous paintings contained within them.

In the Cedar Drawing-Room are "Charles I," by Vandyke; "Circe," by Guido; and some fine Etruscan vases. In the Gilt Drawing-Room are the "Earl of Strafford," "Charles I," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyke; "Ignatius Loyola," by Rubens; and "A Young Girl," by Murillo. In the Boudoir we may find "Henry VIII" and "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; and "A Boar Hunt" and "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens. The State Bed-Room con-

tains burg and the Shropshire Hills; the Saxon Tower on the Broadway Hills; the fashionable spa of Leamington, which appears almost lying underneath the feet, and the wide-extended park; while village churches, lifting up their venerable heads from amidst embowering trees, fill up a picture pleasing, grand and interesting." Caesar's Tower is no less attractive, but is sadly so, for beneath it is a damp dungeon, whose rude inscriptions speak touchingly of weary lives ended here in darkness and solitude.

In the Conservatory is the famous *Warwick Vase*, taken from the lake at Hadrian's villa by Sir William Hamilton. A number of relics are preserved in the Porter's Lodge, souvenirs of the renowned Guy, though the authenticity of some of them is doubtful. Among them are "Guy's Sword," "Guy's Porridge-pot" and his wife "Felicia's slippers."

The name of Guy is given to so many objects in and about Warwick, from a cliff and a cave down to a "flesh-fork" and a pair of stirrups, that we can scarce help being interested to know more regarding this doughty warrior; but the stories concerning him

champion is, that after his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he began doing penance as a hermit. While he lived secluded in the neighborhood of his own castle, his wife was mourning for him, and praying for his coming again. It was the

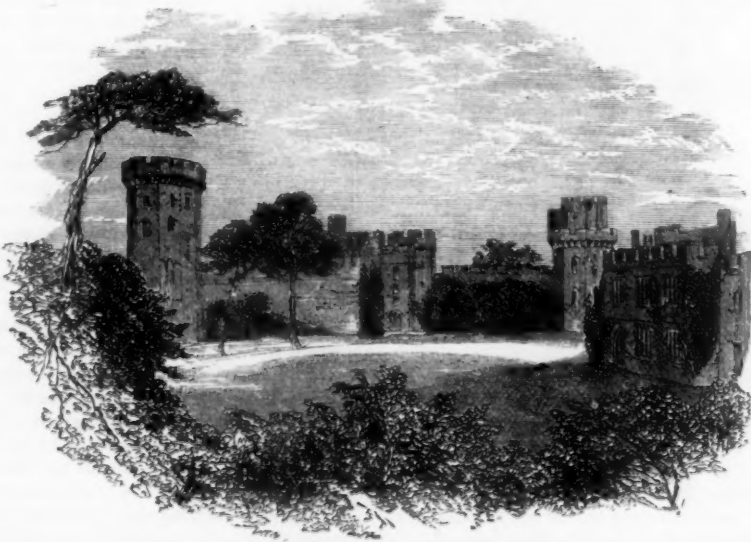


THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.

are so mingled with fable that it seems impossible to learn any truth of him excepting his matchless courage. He is said to have died in the year 929, A. D., aged about seventy years.

The prettiest legend connected with this valorous

lady's daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering and needy, and often unconsciously she gave to her husband among her pensioners. At length he found himself dying, and made himself known to her by sending her a ring. She hastened to his death-



THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.

bed, and survived him but fourteen days, and they were both buried in the cave in which the poor penitent had lived and died.

The history of Warwick Castle itself is lost in obscurity. It is supposed originally to have been a Celtic settlement, converted into a fortress by the Romans. In Anglo-Saxon times, Warwick was included in the kingdom of Mercia, and at that period it "fell under the dominion of Warremund, who rebuilt it, and called it Warrewyke, after his own name." Next it was destroyed by the Danes, and restored by Lady Ethelfled, daughter of King Alfred,

vastation, that in 1315 "it was returned in an acquisition as worth nothing, excepting the herbage on the ditches, valued at 6s. 8d." The new building was commenced by Thomas Beauchamp in 1337, and Guy's Tower was added by his second son, of the same name, in 1394. In spite of all subsequent alterations, Warwick Castle retains its ancient grandeur to the present day.

But it has never remained for any great length of time in one family; often has the title of Earl of Warwick been borne by the heir of another house upon the extinction of the preceding one. In this way, following the Doomsday Survey, we find the names of Newburgh, Mauduit, Beauchamp, Nevil, Dudley, Rich and Greville succeeding each other (the last continuing until our own times), interspersed with others—Mareschal, Placetus, Plantagenet—in which the honors continued but a short time—perhaps less than one generation. The title, too, has been held in abeyance.

Of the lords of Warwick, many have been rendered illustrious by their own powers, independent of their inherited advantages. The first of these is the half-fabulous hero Morvidus, who lived in the days of King Arthur, and from whom is derived the ancient crest of a bear and a ragged staff. It is said that he, "being a man of valor, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof, he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognisance." Then follows Guy, son of Synard, with his gallant exploits against the Danes, and his slaying of prodigious animals, among them "the dun



THE KEEP, FROM THE INNER COURT.

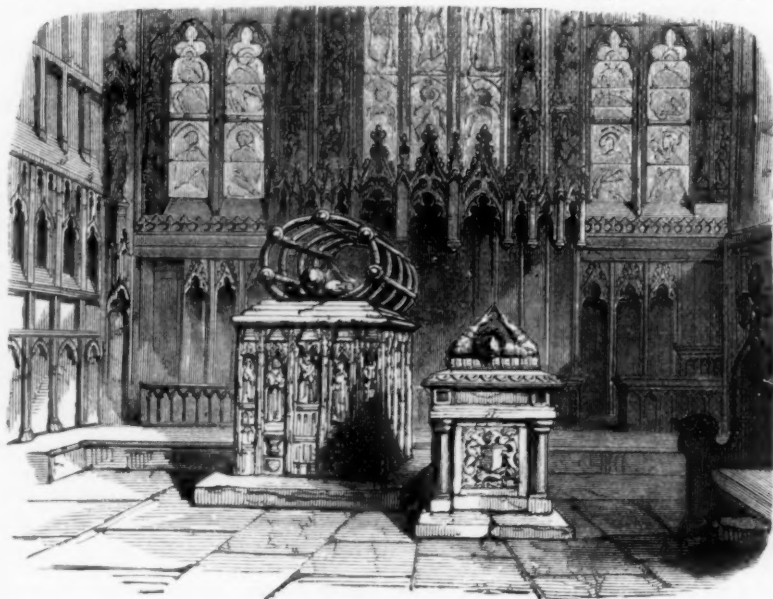
being destroyed again by the Danes in 1016. On the accession of William the Conqueror, he gave orders to Turchel, their then owner, to rebuild and fortify the castle and town, subsequently, however, taking them from him, and giving them to Henry de Newburghs.

From this time forward, through several centuries, the annals of the stronghold seem to be little else than a succession of alternate destructions and repairs. It may be interesting to note that, in 1263, "William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick, was surprised by the adherents of Simon de Montfort, then holding Kenilworth, and the walls of the castle were completely destroyed; indeed, so complete was the de-

struction, that in 1315 "it was returned in an acquisition as worth nothing, excepting the herbage on the ditches, valued at 6s. 8d." The new building was commenced by Thomas Beauchamp in 1337, and Guy's Tower was added by his second son, of the same name, in 1394. In spite of all subsequent alterations, Warwick Castle retains its ancient grandeur to the present day. But it has never remained for any great length of time in one family; often has the title of Earl of Warwick been borne by the heir of another house upon the extinction of the preceding one. In this way, following the Doomsday Survey, we find the names of Newburgh, Mauduit, Beauchamp, Nevil, Dudley, Rich and Greville succeeding each other (the last continuing until our own times), interspersed with others—Mareschal, Placetus, Plantagenet—in which the honors continued but a short time—perhaps less than one generation. The title, too, has been held in abeyance. Of the lords of Warwick, many have been rendered illustrious by their own powers, independent of their inherited advantages. The first of these is the half-fabulous hero Morvidus, who lived in the days of King Arthur, and from whom is derived the ancient crest of a bear and a ragged staff. It is said that he, "being a man of valor, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being nog'd from it; in token whereof, he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Brittons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognisance." Then follows Guy, son of Synard, with his gallant exploits against the Danes, and his slaying of prodigious animals, among them "the dun cow," "the greatest boar that ever man saw," and "the mighty dragon in Northumberland that destroyed men, women and children." His namesake, Guy de Beauchamp, was renowned for his valor in attending his king in the war with Scotland, and for his brave conduct at the battle of Falkirk he was liberally rewarded with the estates of several conquered Scottish noblemen; he was among those who seized Piers Gaveston, conveying the unfortunate favorite to Warwick Castle, whence he was removed to be executed. Richard is said to have had the most successful career of any Warwick; in addition to his regular titles, he was called the "Father of Courtesy." His son Henry was the last of the

Beauchamps, dying at the early age of twenty-two, having, however, been previously loaded with honors by 'his sovereign, being created Premier Earl of England, Duke of Warwick and King of the Isle of Wight, Henry VI himself crowning his favorite.

St. Mary is very old, being mentioned in the Doomsday Book; probably it was built about 1123, though it has been remodeled so often as to be scarce identical with the first church of that name. In the crypt still remains the ducking-stool, recalling the days of



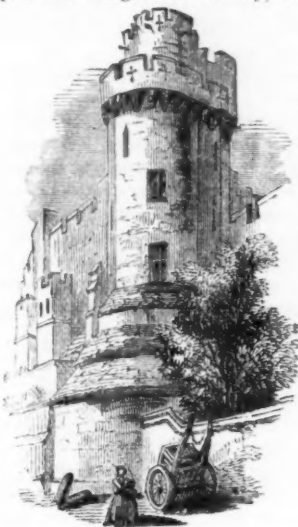
THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

Warwick then passed into the hands of Richard Nevil, famous in history as the kingmaker, who held the balance between the families of York and Lancaster, involved England in bloodshed and confusion and placed one after the other two kings upon the throne. Nevil's daughter Isabel married George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, who, though showing no great strength of character, has been rendered famous by his misfortunes, being, not long after his creation as Earl of Warwick, attainted of high treason, and drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine in the Tower. His son was not exempt from affliction, being beheaded on Tower Hill.

The successor of the second hapless Duke of Clarence, John Dudley, to whom the title was granted after being held in abeyance, was one of the most active of the noblemen taking part in the conspiracy in behalf of Lady Jane Grey, for which he also was beheaded. Of the family of Rich, we need only mention Robert, Lord High Admiral for the Long Parliament, and his son, who married a daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The Grevilles are chiefly famous as being descended from the illustrious Lord Brooke, or Broke, as it was then written, whose proudest boast, as recorded on his tombstone, was that he was "servant to Quene Elizabeth, CANCELLOR to King James and FREN'D to Sir Philip Sidney."

Besides the castle proper, there are many objects of interest in and about Warwick. The Church of

common scolds and witches. Connected with the ancient sanctuary is the Beauchamp Chapel, one of the most exquisite buildings in the country, the carvings



CESAR'S TOWER.

and the stained glass being of great beauty. Here rest the remains of Richard Beauchamp, its founder, who died in 1439. His tomb is among the most

magnificent of monuments in England. It consists of an altar-tomb of fine Purbeck marble, upon which is a recumbent figure in armor, made of gilded brass. Around the tomb are niches, in which stand the statues of women "weepers," or mourning friends; between them are smaller niches, containing full-length angels. The image of the earl is protected by an antique "hearse," or a series of hoops of brass, over which was formerly spread a pall "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Within this chapel are also the tombs of several Dudleys.

We need only add further that this superb castle, with its splendid grounds, its magnificent art treasures and its rich historic associations, is, owing to the liberality of its present possessors, freely open to visitors at all times.

M. B. H.

A GOOD LANDLORD.

WILLIAM HOWITT tells this story of the Duke of Portland:

The duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was failing, year after year, into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears.

"John," said the duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do: I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages."

Of course, there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent.

Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and outbuildings were put into good order. In two or three rentdays it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way.

The duke, on his next visit, said: "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant again, and, as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there."

The duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the duke himself was the happier man of the two.

COUSIN GRACE'S FRIEND.

WHO is that lady, Grace?" asked Mrs. Lyons, as the cousins sat sewing one morning in the pleasant bay-window of the cottage at Elmswood. A lady had just cantered by on a dark bay pony.

"It is Mrs. Barton, a neighbor and friend of mine," was replied. "By the way, Anna, I think I'll invite her to tea to-morrow. I should like to have you acquainted with her."

"You like her, then?"

"Very much. She is bright and entertaining, frank and kind, energetic and independent. She thinks for herself, and acts according to her own judgment, not caring a pin for what any one may say of her. She takes time, as you see, for out-door exercise and enjoyment; reads a good deal; visits and has company; and yet not only keeps house, but does all her own work, including sewing, with four in her family. Her household management is a good illustration of the idea we were talking about when I was at your house two months ago—economizing time. You recollect?"

"Certainly; and I've often thought of it since—to some purpose, too. It has made life easier and brighter for me. But I do not see how Mrs. Barton can accomplish so much, even with the best economy. I could not do it."

"Nor could I; she is an exceptionally strong and healthy woman; but the strength she has she keeps. She neither overworks nor worries. I could not do the amount of manual labor that she does; nor could I, with any profit, get up so early. I should be tired out before noon, and good for nothing the rest of the day. But she likes to be up by half-past four or five, summer mornings, and get her housework or ironing out of the way while the day is cool. In winter she is up long before light. She can do this; and it seems to be her easiest way; but you and I are more like the old lady who said she never saved her money, or took care of her children, by getting up very early or sitting up late, but by working when she was up."

Mrs. Lyons laughed. "That's good common sense," she said. "But go on, please; I'd like to know something of this lady's management. Getting up early won't quite account for her riding at this time of day, if she cooks her own dinner."

"No; and that is a puzzle to some of her neighbors. Many an ill-natured remark has been made as she rode by, where some tired, nervous, worried woman was standing over her ironing-table or hot cooking-stove. Sometimes they are repeated, and thus reach her ears. When they do, she listens with more amusement and pity than anger. 'There she goes, the idle flirt! I pity her poor husband; that's what I do!' The 'poor husband,' meanwhile, is away at his day's work, well fortified for it by the nice meat-breakfast she had cooked for him early, with a comfortable lunch of sandwiches, coffee and pie, or something else equally good, near his hand, and sure of a hot supper at six—tea, biscuit, meat

and potatoes—sure, too, of a tidy house and pleasant welcome. Of course, she does not need to get a hot dinner for herself at noon. And she will not *pretend* to be kept at home by her work, whatever her neighbors may say. She has her cup of tea and sandwich or pie, saddles her horse, puts on her riding-habit, and is off for a good time."

"And nobody the loser for it, I'll venture," said Mrs. Lyons.

"Certainly not. Her husband and sons are gainers in her good health and temper, her constant cheerfulness, her pleasant talk and ready interest in all that interests them. They are ready enough to wait upon her when they are at home. Her husband will bring up her horse, nicely groomed and saddled, assist her to mount, arrange her dress with lover-like care and watch her as she rides away—watch with eyes that show how little he feels the need of his neighbors' pity; how proud he is of her, how happy with her! He has not leisure or taste for horseback exercise, but he knows it is to her a keen delight, and in her pleasure he finds his own. And no serpent of jealousy ever rears its hateful head in their home. She usually rides alone, or with me; but sometimes with one gentleman or another of their friends. It is all one to her husband whether she goes alone or in company. She is pure-minded and true to him. He knows it, and trusts her. And I believe the high-spirited wife is only the more loyal that she knows she holds fully her husband's heart and confidence."

"She is high-spirited, then?"

"Yes; and shrewd and sensible. She will not bear imposition, and she cannot be cheated. But she has, for all that, an abundant share of the charity that 'thinketh no evil.' She takes your words and acts for just what they are really meant. You have only to be true and kind in your intercourse with her, and you need not fear her misinterpreting you, taking offense where none is intended, or laying up any trifling grievance. If you do not feel very well, if you are tired and do not care to talk, if you even prefer to ride alone, or in some other direction than hers, and tell her so candidly, it is just as well. She is just as glad to see you next time."

"That is something, certainly," returned Mrs. Lyons. "These sensitive people, as they call themselves, who are continually fancying themselves hurt or slighted, are little short of a downright nuisance. Of course, we would not be rude, or blunt, or careless of one another's feelings, but a mutual trust is a very pleasant thing."

"Indeed it is; and without it no friendship is worth having. Mrs. Barton is always ready to do a neighborly kindness herself; and, in case of need, she would not hesitate to ask a favor of one she believed to be her friend. It is a rare thing, however, that she does this; and she is by no means one of the borrowing sort. Her housekeeping is too well managed for that. She would not accept the loan of a book or magazine before you had read it yourself. And she would return it promptly and wholly unin-

jured. She has the delicacy of a true lady in her feelings and ways. In sickness or trouble, you are sure of her. She is prompt and helpful, and always cheerful. She comes to your side with quiet footfall, and gentle tones, and ready hand; never with grave looks or discouraging words; never with needless questions or wearisome chat. She is cool and calm, gives efficient aid, and with such cordial sympathy that she seems to be doing herself a favor. And she never tells family secrets—never carries away a bundle of gossip, or spoils her kind acts by ill-natured remarks."

"That is worth while," said Mrs. Lyons, heartily. "Have you not seen women—good, kind-hearted women, too—go into a neighbor's house, in times of sickness or emergency, and really help, and then go away and tell how they found things? I have."

"And so have I. But Mrs. Barton is not of that calibre, though her own house is a 'pink of neatness.' See is never surprised into a hurry or worry. If she invites a friend, of course she provides with reference to the expected visit. If a guest comes without previous notice, her welcome is as cordial; she is just as social and easy in her manner. The fare is the best she has on hand, and neatly served, but with no apology, no embarrassment, or anything to make the visitor feel unwelcome or in the way. She says, oftentimes, when she has company: 'It's a beautiful morning. Now which shall I do—stay at home and get you a big dinner, or take you to ride?' And the invariable answer is: 'Oh, take us to ride! We can get dinners any day.' If her husband and boys are away from home, she harnesses her horse, and about the pretty village and by the winding river, over the hills and through the spicy woods, she drives her gentle Kitty, giving her city guests a rare treat, instead of wearing out her strength and spirits drudging over elaborate cookery. She is not too tired or worried to talk to them, enjoy their visit, and let them feel that she enjoys it. Her mind is intelligent, cultivated and kept awake. And she will do anything for her friends. I have known her, on a warm Sunday, when she was not very well, spend the morning at a friend's house, taking care of a baby, that the mother might have the chance she richly prized to go to church. And when the mother demurred and answered, 'I could not think of letting you do that: it is much harder than it would be for you to go; as you're not well enough for one, you surely are not for the other,' she would say in her cheerful way, 'Oh, the baby is good, and I can sit here in your cool, pleasant room in my easy wrapper just as well as at home. While she takes her nap, I shall read, and have a real nice time. Your book-case isn't locked? No? Well, run along and dress, I shall stay, and when you drive back from church you may carry me home.'"

"I yield her the palm for disinterestedness," laughed Mrs. Lyons. "I am afraid I never shall reach that height. To take care of a baby a hot summer morning, when she was not feeling well herself! What an idea!"

Cousin Grace laughed, too. "Don't say any more till you know whose baby she tended. Don't go on and say, What a shabby thing it was to let her do it! I know it was; but she insisted, and fairly drove me out of my own house. She said she could go any time, and she knew I cared so much for it. And, Anna, it was such a treat! I could not refuse. Ah, there she is, coming back. Look, Anna! Is she not an elegant rider? She will stop here; she always does when she rides this way. Excuse me a moment."

And Cousin Grace hastened to the door to meet her friend. The lady, erect and graceful, clad in a dark, well-fitting riding-habit, rode up, chatted a few minutes, accepted cordially the invitation to tea then and there given and cantered away.

"How old should you judge her to be, Anna?" was Cousin Grace's next question.

"Thirty-five, perhaps. Hardly that, but you speak of her boys as if pretty well grown."

"She is forty-three."

"Is it possible! And rides like a girl of nineteen!"

"Yes, and enjoys it as much. Speaks well for her just use and economy of her vital powers, does it not?"

"Indeed it does. Your eyes shine, Grace; you are enthusiastic."

"I do not claim that she is perfect," answered Cousin Grace, quietly. "She may have faults; most of us have; but that I heartily admire her, and dearly love her, I am willing to own."

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

MAKING PICTURES.—Dr. Guthrie, while visiting an artist's studio, ventured to criticise an unfinished picture. The artist, with some warmth, remarked: "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher, not a painter."

"I beg your pardon, my good friend," replied the clergyman; "I am a painter; only I paint in words, while you use brush and colors."

One, out of many occasions, will prove the correctness of the doctor's claim. In one of his sermons he described a shipwreck and the launching of the life-boat to save the crew. So vivid were the colors of the picture, that the appalling scene appeared actually to take place before the eyes of the audience. A young naval officer, who was seated in a front seat in the gallery, sprang to his feet and began to take off his coat, when his mother pulled him down. He was so carried away by the scene, that he was ready to man the life-boat, and it was some time before his mother could make him realize that he was in church.

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story once took shelter beneath a house from the rain, when the owner came forth with great pomp of manner, and said: "How dare you take shelter here without my leave? Do you know who I am? I am the mayor of this place." "Pooh! pooh!" said Friend Story, "my friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the Governor of Pennsylvania."

AWAKENING.

AND so the spring-time comes again,
And in the softened air
We feel a thrill of finer life
Come almost unaware.

The earth is fair; the distant hills
Are clothed with gold and green;
The unbound stream goes singing past
Beneath its leafy screen.

The skies are blue, the snow-white clouds,
Like homeward ships, go by;
All things seem full of praise to Him
Who hears the faintest cry.

The orchard trees are sweet with bloom,
Each like a bride arrayed;
With richer growth they hide the scars
The pruning-knife has made.

And all the gleaming spires of grass
Look upward to the sky,
And cover well the blackened roots
Where late the fire swept by.

And still the robin sings and sings
At evening and at dawn,
And maketh never any plaint
For last year's nestlings gone.

And though so many buds are dead
That lately graced our bowers,
The wind is fainting with perfume,
The world is full of flowers.

And still the morning's crystal light
Falls brightly as of old,
And still the sunset clouds at night
Are violet and gold.

When all things else are beautiful,
Each hiding scars and pain,
Shall I not lift my voice in praise
For joys that yet remain?

Shall I alone forget the One
Whose ways are not as ours?
Shall I alone refuse to share
Life's sunshine with its showers?

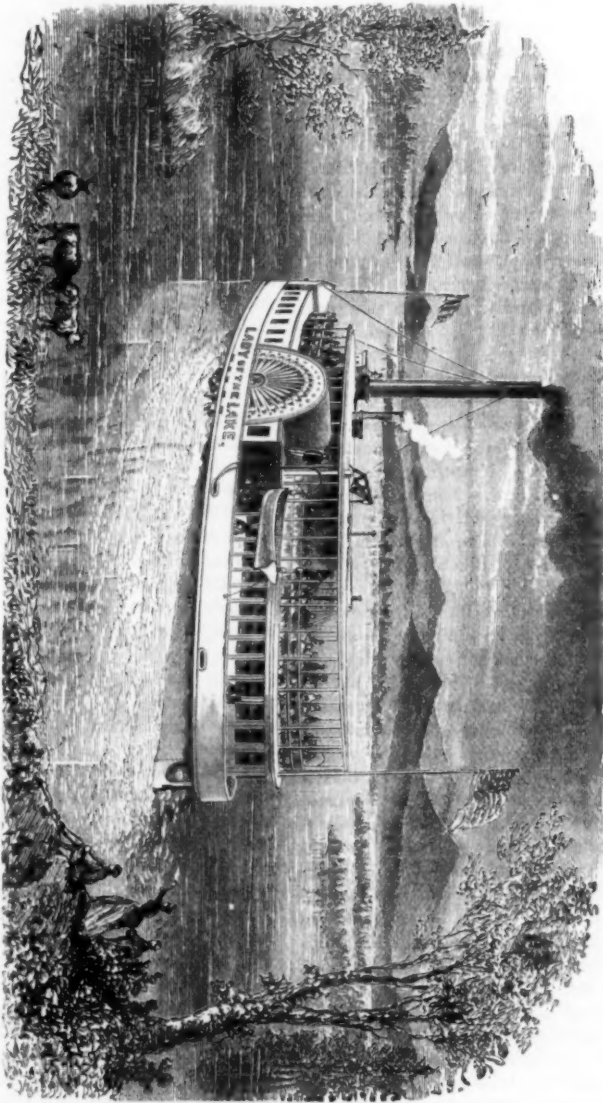
MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

"NO FINE WORDS."—An illiterate soldier was noticed as always present at church whenever Archbishop Whately preached at a chapel on a nobleman's estate in Ireland. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason, and was able to give it. "That isn't it at all. The archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

MOST of our summer tourists know this beautiful piece of water, which bears an Indian name, signifying "The Smile of the Great Spirit." It lies on the route to the White Mountains, in New

changing. The train winds around the mountain sides, turning sharp curves, then diving into dense forests, again emerging and passing over some deep ravine where the traveler can look down hundreds of feet to the abyss below; you hear the screech of the locomotive, and halt for a moment at some snug



Hampshire. Two fine steamers traverse its waters, carrying passengers to the different places of interest. Passing this lake, the tourist enters the more wild and mountainous region, and the scene is continually

little village nestled among the mountains, and again rattle onward. The scenery is inspiring, and presents to the lovers of nature some of the most charming pictures on the continent.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER V.

MY recollection of what passed in the year that followed is more like the troubled memory of a bewildering and baffling dream than a real life-experience. I did not return to school, and gave up all thought of college. To remonstrance and argument from my parents and sisters, as well as from Mr. Fordyce, I had little to oppose, except the declaration that I wished to remain at home, and preferred work to study. Mr. Fordyce came to see us very often, and soon became so completely identified with our family life that his thoughts and interests seemed one with ours. Toward my father and mother, his attitude was that of a familiar and trusted friend, and toward my sisters that of an elder brother, concerned in all that concerned them, and full of kindly sympathy; but toward me it was something deeper in sentiment, often revealed in the pathos that crept into his voice, or in the changing expression of his eyes when they looked steadily into my face.

All subsequent discussions of the dairy-farm question strengthened the conviction that it presented the only practicable way out of our embarrassments; and after a few weeks given to a careful consideration of the subject in all its bearings, it was finally resolved to sell about forty acres of land, which was promptly done. After paying off every debt, there remained the sum of twelve hundred dollars, on which to begin the experiment and live until it could be made productive.

My father's heart did not go into this new work. The closer it came to his hand the more distasteful it appeared; and this reluctance on his part gave better opportunity for my mother to gain a controlling influence in our affairs. In his programme was enough hired help to consume at least one-half the estimated profit of our dairy. But she set the limit at a single hired man and one maid servant in the house, both of whom were to give, as required, assistance in milking and in the dairy. The spring-house was enlarged and re-arranged under her direction, and everything prepared for the new order of things with a skill and intelligence that was surprising. As I have said, my father's heart did not go into this work, and where the heart fails the hands are apt to fail also. It was so in my father's case; and very soon he left the entire management of the farm, and the decision of almost every practical question, with our thoughtful, busy, care-taking mother. Had this not been done, the new effort to save our home would have been without avail.

It is remarkable how little change is brought in the general drift of a man's character by the reaction of loss or suffering consequent on its peculiarities and defects. This arises often from the fact that a habit of mind has been formed, adding its

binding influence to the natural bent, and leaving the man too weak to hold himself by the force of reason to a new order of life until a new habit is acquired. And so few men have that strength of will and toughness of mental fibre necessary to the work of correcting those defects of character from which they have suffered loss or failure. In too many cases, the hands are folded weakly and no further effort made; or, if effort is made, and in some new direction, the old lack of prudent calculation or wise administration comes in again to mar the result.

With a man of such clear judgment and strength of mind as my father, one might think that, to see an error or weakness of character, would be to insure its correction. But it is so much easier to drift with the current, trusting that it will bear us to some pleasant land, than to grasp the oars and struggle against the tide.

My father's way of administering affairs would have made failure a certain thing, had the management of our dairy-farm remained entirely with him. But the fact that my mother knew, practically, more than he about dairy products, and was readier at the beginning to set her hands to the work, gave her a precedence that was steadily maintained, and which my father soon came to accept, as well because of his distaste for the details of the new business as for the reason that here at least he knew our mother's judgment to be better than his own.

By early fall, we were getting into working order. We had twenty good cows, each giving an average of from six to eight quarts of milk daily. My father had been to B—, and contracted with a dealer to take all the milk produced, and we had only to deliver the cans at a near railroad station in the morning, and get them back empty in the evening.

It soon became apparent that to care for and see to the milking of these twenty cows was going to make large demands on the time and strength of every member of the family. That for us all the era of work had commenced. With our mother, it had always been care and work; and I do not think there came an added burden now, or a more anxious care. Rather, she seemed to move with a lighter step, and to have a cheerier spirit. There was no blind guessing in her administration of affairs—no trusting that things would come out right of themselves. The ratio between income and expense was steadily kept in view, and the latter never permitted to exceed the former. My father's pride in his daughters—a weak pride, that would have lifted them into a condition more æsthetic than useful—was hurt as he saw them carrying their milking-pails, or engaged in such household or dairy work as he felt to be menial; and he would often insist upon it that more help should be employed. My mother had a way of meeting these remonstrances that was very conclusive. Let me give an instance that I remember distinctly, because of the impression made upon me by what she said. I happened to be alone with her and my father in the library. It was an hour after tea, and my

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sisters, tired with the day's employments, had gone to their own rooms. The early fall had passed, and we were nearing the close of November. The day had been mifty and cold, and as we sat by the fire which had been kindled in the grate, we could hear an occasional moaning and sighing of the wind as a passing wave struck the eaves or eddied about the chimneys.

"The girls are completely worn out," said my father, in a half-fretful way. "This work is too much for them—and for Edith in particular."

My mother not replying, he continued: "Winter is coming on, and the exposure of milking will be too great. We must have another man."

"At a cost of twenty dollars and his board, which means over thirty dollars a month, added to our expenses," was my mother's answer. "And this, as you know, means nothing more nor less than four hundred dollars of debt at the end of a year, and the selling of more land."

I was looking at my father, and saw an expression of helplessness in the pain and pallor that swept over his face.

"With care in regard to dress, and prudence in the matter of exposure, we can get along quite as well in winter as in summer, and with much less bodily fatigue. If we are tired when night comes, we can thank God for the blessing of undisturbed sleep."

"And all this toil, and privation, and humiliation, if I must say it, for only the food we eat and the clothes we wear! Culture, taste, refined social intercourse, mental growth—must our children be deprived of these?"

I had never heard my father speak so bitterly.

"It will be their own fault, and ours, if they are," said my mother. "Happily, they have sound constitutions and good health; and health is improved by physical labor, even though it be often attended with much fatigue. The girls have been perfectly well—better, indeed, than usual, and with a finer flow of animal spirits. It is not hurting them. So far as that is concerned, you may set your heart at rest. I worked much harder when a girl than they are working, and with no one to watch over me and guard against overstrain and exposure as I watch over them; and I do not think my hard work, severe as it sometimes was, ever did me a serious injury."

"But you lost advantages which freedom from constant toil would have given you," said my father.

"True; but, happily again, our daughters are more favorably situated." And my mother's lips softened as a smiled played around them. "Their home is a very different one from that in which my early years were spent. My father, though good and kind, was not an educated man—theirs is. My father never had leisure for the cultivation of his tastes, nor opportunity for refined and elevating social intercourse—it is different with theirs. In almost everything their circumstances are more favorable than were mine; but especially in this, that they have a father who can watch over their moral and mental states, and wisely take from the providential con-

ditions in which they are placed the best it has to give. We have a good library, papers and magazines; and the world of thought, and taste, and progress is still ours. We have home-security, and a little world of our own shut in from the great world, with love to give it the brightness of a king's palace. And because the toil that should make our bread sweet is laid upon us as a necessity, shall we lightly esteem all these things, or fail to use them?"

My father's countenance underwent a great change.

"It is ours to make the best of what we have. That duty is plain," he remarked.

"And what we have is still a great deal—more than one family in a hundred possesses," my mother promptly returned. "I know that it hurts you to see our daughters compelled to work in order to help maintain the family. But no life, as Mr. Fordyce has so often said, is a true life that is not a life of service. To 'give is to live.' God is the great Worker and Giver. Honor lies in work, not in idleness."

"But there is higher work, for which there is a higher fitness," answered my father; "and our daughters are fitted for something better than mere dairy-maids. Any coarse and uneducated girl can do this work as well, if not better, than they."

"Not better," replied my mother. "But, even if that were so, it changes nothing. The work they are now doing is the work offered to their hands, and in it is a high service. It is the self-help that includes mutual help, and gives that strong, honest sense of independence and self-reliance that all should feel. Hereafter, work for which they have a higher fitness, and for which this is only a preparatory step, may offer, and then their places can be filled by others. Until then, let us be thankful that within ourselves we have the means of home-security and freedom from debt and danger. If any respect them less for what they are doing, the respect of such persons is worth nothing. In the minds of all the right-thinking they will be lifted to a higher regard."

"But it is this thought of their being compelled to work that hurts me," said my father, his manner growing depressed. "To work for the very bread they eat."

"Is it more noble to eat the bread another earns, than to eat that which is gained by the work of our own hands?" asked my mother.

He did not answer. In the pause that followed, the library door opened, and my sisters came in with such bright and happy faces that it was as if they had brought a burst of sunshine into the room. They had been resting for awhile after supper, and now, feeling refreshed, had come down to make the evening pleasant as of old with music, and reading, and the sweet and gracious intercourse that made our home-life so full of enjoyment. I see now the look of pleased surprise that lit up my father's face, and the deeper satisfaction expressed in that of my mother, as the girls came in with a frolicsome lightness of manner, chatting merrily, their cheeks glowing with health, and their eyes sparkling.

I think there were few happier hearts in all the neighborhood than beat in our home that evening. I do not include my own, for that was as a leaden weight in my bosom. Never since the evening when I saw Olive Radcliff drawn close to the side of Donald Payne, and looking up into his face as one half-charmed, had it seemed a living heart, except in its sense of pain. It was as if it had been trampled on and crushed to helplessness.

My sisters and Olive had been very intimate, and Olive was in the habit of coming often to our house. But her visits grew less and less frequent during the early fall, and had ceased now nearly altogether. Whenever she came, I did my best to seem at ease, and to maintain the old friendly attitude; but it was too great an effort to have in it the old freedom and cordiality. Her looks, her tones, every movement in which I saw grace itself, was, to my heart, as a hand laid on some bruised and crippled bird, rousing it into a spasm. That I loved her she knew; but of the real depth and absorption of my whole being in that love, she had no conception. She was sorry for my infatuation, and I often saw the pity that was in her heart looking out at me through her beautiful eyes, sometimes hurting me, and sometimes filling me with a tender sadness that eased for a little while the dull aching at my heart.

Daily, in my new life, which had in it no sense of growth and enlargement, I had the feeling that Olive was steadily growing away from me, and rising into a higher and broader sphere from which I must be for a long time shut out. She was a woman, and had entered into the life, and interests, and companionship of womanhood; and I was still a boy, with many years to pass ere I rose to the full estate of manhood.

CHAPTER VI.

SINCE the settlement of the mortgage, there had been little or no intercourse between my father and Andrew Payne. The two men drew apart in mutual dislike; Payne with an old grudge in his heart, for the payment of which he meant to bide his time. He had thought that time at hand when he changed his whole demeanor, and gave notice that the claim against our family homestead must be canceled at once and in full. He knew, far better than my father imagined, how near we were to ruin, and he had felt quite sure that his movement against our estate would result in giving him a still larger and stronger hold upon it, and the power to take it, at no distant day, entirely out of our possession. Beyond the promptings of ill-will, he had another and stronger reason for desiring to get possession of our land. He saw a prospective value in the property of which my father had no knowledge or intimation.

"You were foolish to part with your land at that price," he said, when my father surprised him with a tender of the money due upon the mortgage. "I would have taken the forty acres myself at a higher

figure. Why didn't you tell me that you wished to sell?"

"I understood," was my father's answer, "that you had pressing demands for money, and were compelled, in consequence, to call in everything."

"So I had when I saw you," replied Payne, turning his eyes away from my father's steady gaze; "but I received a large sum from an unexpected source. I was just going to send you word that the mortgage could stand, and that you could have another thousand if you had need of money."

"Thank you," said my father. "If you had done so a week or ten days ago, I might have accepted the additional loan and increased the mortgage."

"If you should need money at any future time, you know where to get it, Mr. Lovel. I shall always be happy to accommodate you."

But Payne was not able to hide under any veil of friendliness the chagrin and disappointment which he felt at the turn affairs had taken. He did not care to have our farm broken up, unless the fragments passed to him; and he knew that the acres just sold had gone into the hands of a man from whom they would never be likely to come into his possession.

This closed my father's business transactions with Andrew Payne. The last crop of wheat that would ever go to his mill from us had been gathered from our land. Under the new order of things which had been established, it soon became apparent not only to ourselves, but to our neighbors, that a turn in the tide of our affairs had come. Payne was not slow to recognize the fact; and from the moment he did so, his manner toward my father underwent an entire change. When the two men happened to meet, which was only on rare occasions, the miller was cold and distant, and made no effort to conceal the ill-will that was racking in his heart—an ill-will that had its ground as much in a foiled purpose touching our land, as in the harboring of an old and unsettled grudge.

As for Donald Payne, he had almost ceased to recognize me. At our first meeting subsequent to the settlement of his father's mortgage against our homestead, his manner was so indifferent and offensive that, but for Olive, I would have resented it in a way that must have closed all intercourse between us. For her sake I repressed my irritation, and gave no external sign of dislike or annoyance. In this I acted more from an inner dictate than from any clearly-seen purpose. There had come an entire change in my relations toward Olive; but not in my feelings of tender regard, nor in my concern for her well-being and happiness. She had turned from me, and I saw that her steps were set in a way that, if steadily pursued, must lead into a desolate region, where her feet would be cut with sharp stones, and her life fail for the waste and barrenness that would be around her. I had no power to hold her back from this way; but might I not follow her, as it were, at a distance, and watch over her, and in some future great extremity of her life be near to help and succor?

I did not set this idea before me as a ruling purpose. It did not come to me as the result of reason or forecast. It was not a boyish fancy, but something that seemed to flow into my inner consciousness and hold me by a conviction stronger than any reason or sagacity. And the power of this conviction was so great that, from the moment it took possession of me, it modified and determined all things of my life. Over the future of Olive there hung, in my view, a cloud full of evil portent, which would soon begin to throw its shadows upon her heart. I knew that for her, if she finally cast in her lot for good or ill with Donald Payne, there must come out of this cloud storm, and wreck, and desolation. It could not be otherwise. I knew Olive and I knew Donald. My tender Olive! Not mine to love with any hope of possession; but mine to watch over, to care for, to follow at a distance, always keeping in sight, and ready for help, for comfort, for succor or defense. I was taking, without thought or purpose, my first great lesson in self-consecration and self-forgetting.

Ah, how soon, in the sky of her young life, did my quick eyes perceive the gathering mists, the filmy cloud-streaks and shadowy portents! If Donald Payne had possessed the power of measuring himself by some higher moral standard than that of his own conscious personality; if he could have been lifted for a time into a purer and nobler region of thought, from which to look down upon himself and see how mean and despicable he really was in all the governing purposes of his life, he might have hidden from Olive his real character, for a time at least, under external semblance of qualities which he did not possess. But he was no hypocrite. In fact, he was not conscious of having anything to conceal, and so had not yet learned to act from policy. He was so well satisfied with himself that he saw no reason for hiding himself from others. He loved Olive because she pleased his fancy—how could any one help loving her! But he did not love her with that love which seeks to give all it possesses to another. Of that he had no conception. His love was self-love, which seeks every available means of acquirement and every source of self-gratification. I do not think his mind was capable of forming an imaginary picture, in which Olive was the recipient and he the minister of service and the giver of delight and blessedness. To be the centre of reception, and not of dispensation, was his ideal of a life full of richness and content.

With such a man there can be no peaceful relationship which does not partake of the character of lord and subject, or of master and slave.

I knew Olive well enough to be sure that no such thing as an absolute submission of herself to the will of any man was possible. She could love, but if love were not given in return, if, instead there were selfish exactions and a spirit of domination—chill and frost instead of sunshine—what had the future in store for her but disappointment and heartache! Dear, bright, happy girl! So fairy-like in all her delicate proportions and graceful movements; lifted

above the sphere of common mortality—idealized and almost glorified—in my simple boyish fancy, how could I regard her marriage with Payne as anything less than the sacrifice of an angel to a beast or a demon! I can feel, even now, the shiver that ran through me when I first stood face to face with this possible fact.

The intimacy which had existed between our family and that of the Radcliffs, who were near neighbors, was in no way interrupted by the new order of things. Mrs. Radcliff and my mother had long been fast friends, and Olive was like a sister with my sisters. There was not much in common between my father and Mr. Radcliff, but their relations were of a friendly character, and Mr. Radcliff often conferred with my father on matters relating to his estate and business. At the time of which I am writing, his affairs were far from being in a satisfactory condition. He had made some unfortunate speculations, and been compelled, in order to meet his losses, to borrow considerable sums of money, for which security on his landed estate had to be given. A portion of this lay immediately contiguous to our property. Andrew Payne was his largest creditor. Herbert, a few years older than his sister Olive, was a law student in Oakland, a young man of considerable promise, but a little in danger from the associations into which he was being drawn. He was almost as intimate in our family as his sister. Even as little children, Herbert and my youngest sister, Rachel, had shown a preference for each other. As they grew older, this mutual attraction increased; and now it was a thing seen and known that they were lovers.

Herbert Radcliff was not the young man whom I would have chosen for my impulsive, light-hearted little sister, so gusty at times in her temper, yet so sweet and loving in her ways, and so wise even beyond her years in times when counsel or discretion was needed. I did not believe that he possessed the elements of character on which one like Rachel could rest her life and be satisfied. I knew that it was not in him to be all to her that I would have been to his sister; and I could not bear to think of Rachel as receiving less of love and tender care than I would have given to Olive.

I had been to Oakland one afternoon on some business connected with the farm. On my way home I overtook Mr. Fordyce, who was taking one of his long walks into the country. He had not been to see us for nearly two weeks, at which we were wondering and a little concerned, so long an intermission in his visits being a thing of rare occurrence. He turned as I came close upon him, and I was struck by something new and strange in the expression of his face. It had a pinched look. His eyes seemed larger, and his broad forehead was white, as with the pallor of recent sickness. An inward curve about his lips gave the unmistakable sign of strongly repressed feeling, if not intense suffering.

A momentary look of surprise, as of one taken off guard, then a swift change of countenance, and an

almost instantaneous restoration of the old calm face and clear, steady eyes. It was as if a mask had been suddenly drawn aside and the true visage set in the clear light again.

"Ah, Davy, my boy!" It was the dear old voice; and the hand that closed on mine had in it all of the old, warm pressure.

There was a short turn in the road a few rods from where I had drawn up my horse. Before I could reply, a light carriage came sweeping round this curve. Looking forward as the sound of wheels and throbbing feet struck upon my ears, I saw Donald Payne and Olive Radcliff. From the face of Donald my eyes turned to that of Olive, which seemed to flash by me—to come and to vanish in a single moment. But its image and expression were left clearly pictured on nerve and brain. Out of it all the soft color had gone; all its happy light was veiled. On the face of Donald I had seen the stain of anger.

What a fierce heat burned suddenly in my heart! I clenched my fist and shook it after the receding carriage.

"Davy! Davy!" There was a gentle rebuke and a shade of surprise in the voice of my friend and teacher.

"It's wrong, I know; but I can't bear it, Mr. Fordyce. The hound! To hurt anything so sweet and pure as Olive."

"Davy! My Davy!" It was all he said; but there was such a power in his voice! Such a calmness in the sphere that was about him, and into which I was drawn by a silent yet strong attraction! I felt the anger beginning to die out of my heart.

"And I would have been so true and tender, Mr. Fordyce!"

"My Davy can be nothing else but true and tender." He laid his hand on my shoulder with a gentle pressure.

"You are going home with me?" I said, moving for him to take a seat beside me in the buggy.

He did not reply, but stood with his eyes turned away over the meadows and river. He seemed to be gazing, and yet not gazing, at the distant mountains which were stretched in cloud-like masses, blue, and dun, and dusky purple, along the far horizon. We were at a point in the road where it reached the highest ground in the neighborhood, and from which we had an extensive view. To the north, four or five miles away, the river came in swift, rapid and foaming cascades through a narrow defile in the mountains, and then, after one or two sudden falls, moved in a broad and quiet stream across the pleasant valley, near the south-western extremity of which lay the town of Oakland. Here another fall in the land had given a fine water-power; and here it was that the flour-mills, now owned by Andrew Payne, had been erected many years before. We could see them from where we stood. We could also see my father's house, half-way up the valley, almost hidden among the trees, and our green fields stretching away down to the quiet river. How peaceful, above all the rest, seemed that portion of the beautiful land-

scape! The very sky appeared to bend more softly over it.

The railroad, by which we had connection with the outside world, came down through the mountain range at the north, and crossed the valley on the eastern side of the river. Oakland station was nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Oakland, and was reached by the way of a bridge that spanned the river at that point. This remoteness of the station had always been felt as an inconvenience and drawback by the people of Oakland, and many were the plans and projects discussed for its remedy. But as only a very small portion of the stock had, until recently, been held in the town, for this, among other reasons, scarcely any consideration had been given by the company to its wants or wishes. The steady growth of Payne's business made his larger use of this road a necessity, and magnified the cost and inconvenience of moving his grain and flour between the station and the mills. He had, for over a year, been trying to induce the people of Oakland to lay a track for the transportation of heavy goods from the road to the town, but without success. In the meantime he had made the acquaintance of two or three leading men connected with the road, and had been by them introduced into a knowledge of the inside workings of the company. Soon after this he became a stockholder, and from time to time increased the number of his shares, as he could spare money for the investment. Two or three months before the time of which I am now writing, he had been made a director.

I mention these things here, as they will have an important bearing on the events of my story.

As we stood looking down upon the beautiful landscape, the southern express went gliding through the meadows that lay beyond the river like a huge serpent. We watched the strange, weird train-monster—always strange and weird, see it when you may, in its sudden appearance and swift movement through a quiet landscape—until it passed into the narrow gorge at the lower end of the valley, and was lost to sight. Then Mr. Fordyce turned and looked at me.

His eyes were clear and strong again, and there was in his countenance an uplifted expression which I had often noticed before, as of one who had risen out of shadow and distrust into the light of some divine assurance.

"Is it not all very beautiful, Davy?" speaking with a low thrill in his voice.

He waited for my response; but I was too much oppressed for speech.

"The handiwork of God," he said. "And in what God does there must be, if we can only find it, a revelation of His mind and character. There must be a meaning in everything we see. In mountain and river, in tree and flower, in bird and beast, and in the smallest insect and creeping thing. Each must tell us something of God."

I did not rise to the level of his thought. How could I, with the face of Olive yet before me, and the

heat of my anger against Donald still burning, though with a failing intensity?

"And in all this work, Davy," he went on, "there is the perfection of order and adaptation. Never a mistake; never a failure. When the sun sets, we know that it will rise again; and when autumn and winter strip the trees of their foliage, make the fields barren and lock up the streams, we know that spring and summer will return, and set the waters free once more, and cover the land with verdure, and beauty, and fruitfulness. But how rarely do we think that God is taking care of all this, and doing all this! That not a blade of grass pushes its tiny spear out of the earth, that not a flower unfolds, that not a blossom pours its fragrant breath upon the summer air, that not a bird sings, without an immediate inflowing of life and power from God."

He was beginning to hold my thought, and to lift me out of myself.

"Did it never occur to you, Davy," Mr. Fordyce continued, "that in the creation of this outer world there could have been but one idea in the mind of God? That the end and purpose of so wonderful a material creation must have been higher than the creation itself?"

"Man is higher than nature," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "for he has a conscious life, and freedom and reason, and the power to turn himself to God. The end of creation was man; and this being so, all things in nature must, in some way, have reference to man, and be intended as the means of his initiation into life, his sustenance, development and perfection. How wonderfully perfect are all these means. What marvelous adaptations do we find in each of the kingdoms of nature. What an exquisite balancing of forces, any one of which, were it to fail in a perfect adjustment, would bring instant destruction. And all this natural order, and fine adjustment, and perpetual care for man as a physical being, is but the means to a higher end and a diviner purpose. The true man is the internal man—the man that wills and thinks, that loves and reasons. The external man is but the visible form in nature; the outer manifestation in the material world of this real man whose true, essential life is in the spiritual world. His natural life is brief. He can live in it but for a few years. His spiritual life is eternal.

"And now, Davy, the thought I desire to get into your mind is this: God is infinite and eternal, and cannot, in anything that He does, have other than eternal ends in view. All His providences in regard to us, while we live our few years in this lower world, must, therefore, have reference to our spiritual development and eternal salvation."

He waited for me to think on what he had said. A dim perception of its meaning began to dawn upon my mind.

"As childhood is a state of preparation for manhood," he continued, "so is manhood a state of preparation for angelhood. Does a good and wise father, in caring for his child, consider only his condition as a child? Nay, rather does he not, in all

things of instruction, discipline and correction, have for his end the formation and establishment of a true and noble character in the future man? There may be in the inherited disposition of his child a bias, which, if not corrected, would give, in after years, a weak or distorted character. Would he be a truly wise and loving father who, considering only the child's wants and wishes, gratified them at the cost of a ruined manhood? Our life in this world is only the childhood of our being. We are under instruction and discipline; but more ignorant even than little children as to what is best for us. But God our Father knows. Would He be a true and loving Father if, seeing that our feet were turning into perilous ways, He should not do all in His power to draw us out of them, and to set them in paths of safety? We pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Would God truly answer that petition if, in His providential care over us, He were to lead us into such external conditions and associations as He saw must, in the very nature of things, draw us away from Him, and so leave us exposed to evil influences which, without His presence and power, we could not possibly resist even for a moment of time?"

Mr. Fordyce waited for me again, and now for a longer period. What it all meant that he had been saying was lifting itself out of the dark chaos of my thoughts. But I saw as yet obscurely. In a kind of general way, my reason gave assent; but if he had said that a good providence had led Olive from me to Donald Payne, my heart would have thrown to my lips an indignant rejection. Could God be the author of such a bitter and cruel wrong? Could He bring the lamb and the wolf together, that the wolf might prey upon the lamb? What had I done, that He should rob me of the very jewel of my soul, and give it to one who would trample it under his feet? What had Olive done, that He should lead her to this awful sacrifice? Some malignant devil, and not the good God, was doing it!

But Mr. Fordyce only said, after a long pause and waiting, the silence of which I was not ready to break: "If, in the lower world of nature, God's laws work with an unfailing precision, shall they work with any the less certainty in the higher world of spiritual forces? If providence in nature, regarding the physical needs of man, gives day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, in unerring succession, is it at all probable that the providence which regards man's spiritual condition and needs will fail in anything, or commit the smallest mistake?"

"Impossible, Davy! Impossible!" He had waited for me again, his calm eyes fixed steadily upon me. But my heart was still too heavy, my mind in too great confusion. No answer formed itself upon my lips. "God is too wise and good to leave any chance for failure. All will come out right. We must wait, and trust, and be patient. Nay, more than all this, my Davy, we must let ourselves fall into the stream of providence by doing as faithfully as we can what our hands find to do; acting at the same time

with sincerity and justice toward man, and reverence and submission toward God. Of all the rest He will take care. So shall we suffer Him to lead us; and he whose steps are led of God must surely find the best and safest ways."

CHAPTER VII.

AS Mr. Fordyce ceased speaking, he raised his foot to the step of the buggy, and was about taking a seat by my side, when another carriage came round the curve in the road, a little way from where I had drawn up my horse. Its occupants were a gentleman and lady, neither of whom I had seen before. The man was in the prime of life, and had strongly-marked features, keen, gray eyes and a firm and positive mouth. The woman was younger by a few years, and of a finer and more delicate organization. Her eyes were a dark blue, large and soft, the lashes long, and the eyebrows clearly outlined and gracefully arched. Her hair, a deep golden brown, was pushed away from the white temples—so white that the clear tracery of veins could be seen under the transparent skin. Her complexion was fair, with just a slight tinge of color on her cheeks. All her features were finely cut, and almost classic in their pure outlines. She was very beautiful.

As I turned toward them, I noticed a quick change and a look of surprise in their faces. The man stared, with a falling brow, at Mr. Fordyce, and I saw the color die out of the lady's face. As Donald Payne and Olive Radcliff had, a little while before, come suddenly upon us, and then passed out of sight, so did these two come and go. It was like some swift passage in a dream.

When I looked at Mr. Fordyce, I scarcely knew him, his countenance was so changed. He had drawn his foot back from the step of the buggy, and was turned partly away from me. He was not gazing after the carriage. His eyes had fallen to the ground, and he was standing motionless.

An instant, and he had turned again, setting his foot in the step and springing to the seat by my side. I spoke to my horse, touching him at the same time a little sharply with the whip, and he started forward at a quick pace. Neither of us spoke a word as we drove rapidly along.

My father was sitting on the porch as we came up to the house. He met Mr. Fordyce with his usual cordial welcome. After driving round to the stables and putting up my horse, I was occupied for over an hour with the various duties that fell to my share, and did not see Mr. Fordyce again until we all met at supper-time. With the image of what I had witnessed only a little while before so vivid in my memory that I could see scarcely anything else, I was not prepared for the quiet countenance and steady eyes which met my gaze as I looked at Mr. Fordyce across the table. He and my father had been alone on the porch, or in the library, ever since he came. That the subject of their conversation, whatever it might have been, had deeply interested

them both, was plainly to be seen in the brightness of their eyes and in the elevated expression on their faces.

After supper came the usual gathering in the library. We had been there only for a little while when Herbert Radcliff joined our circle. He came frequently in the evening, sometimes as often as four or five times in the week. I saw a glow of pleasure wavering over Rachel's face as he entered.

"Have you heard the news?" Herbert asked, almost as soon as he had taken his place among us.

"What news?" inquired my father.

Mr. Fordyce turned toward the young man with a quick movement, his brows contracting slightly.

"We're going to have a large cotton-mill in Oak-land."

"Indeed!" said my father, his face brightening with interest.

"It was all settled to-day. The project has been in contemplation for over a year, but was kept secret by the leading men and capitalists engaged in the enterprise, until certain purchases of property could be made and the most advantageous site secured. A gentleman from B——, one of the principal stockholders in the B. and C. Railroad, and the leading spirit in this new enterprise, has been here for a week or ten days closing up the affair. His name is John Catherwood."

I was looking at Mr. Fordyce while Herbert was speaking. He was sitting with his eyes upon the floor, and not taking, as it seemed to me, any particular interest in what the young man was saying. At mention of the name John Catherwood, I saw him give a quick glance toward Herbert Radcliff; but he dropped his eyes away in the next moment, his manner becoming as indifferent as before.

"John Catherwood! Oh! Indeed!" returned my father. "I have seen his name in the papers quite often of late as connected with one leading enterprise or another."

"A man of great ability, liberal views and large fortune," said Herbert, speaking with warmth and admiration. "He has been to see us several times, and we are all charmed with him; he is so free, and social, and friendly. Father is quite taken with him, and he appears to be as much taken with father. He called with Mrs. Catherwood to-day. She's charming to look at, but distant and reserved. Mother says she looks as if she carried a stone in her heart. Andrew Payne has known Mr. Catherwood for a considerable time, and speaks warmly in his praise. In fact, Mr. Payne, who is the leading man in Oak-land connected with the new enterprise, and the secret agent of the company for the purchase of desirable property, has been for several months in close correspondence with Mr. Catherwood."

"What is that, Herbert?" My father showed considerable surprise of manner. "Andrew Payne the secret agent of this new company for the purchase of desirable property in the neighborhood of Oak-land?"

"Yes, sir; and I understand that he has done the

work to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Catherwood and the company."

"And doubtless to his own as well," said my father, speaking with some displeasure.

"As for that," returned Herbert, giving a slight shrug, "Mr. Payne, so far as I can learn, has, in counting one for the company, counted two for himself."

"It would be like him," remarked my father. "But how was it done?"

"In this way. As soon as the location of the mills was really decided upon, Mr. Payne took steps to secure as much property in the immediate neighborhood as possible."

"I see. But you haven't said yet where these mills are to be located."

"Just below Striker's Falls, on the property belonging to Jane Bledsoe and her bed-ridden mother. There are about thirty acres left in the old Bledsoe farm. They lie along the bend, some two or three hundred rods from where your land comes down to the river. It's going to be a good thing for you, Mr. Lovel. I shouldn't be surprised if it doubled the value of your property in less than a year."

"Are you certain about all this, Herbert Radcliff?" said my father, his manner becoming much excited.

"It is just as I have said, sir. The whole matter was talked over at our house to-day," Herbert replied. "Father is to be a stockholder and a director in the new company. Mr. Payne told Mr. Catherwood that he must have my father on the board, and it's all been arranged. Just how, I cannot say."

My father arose from his chair, and took two or three turns across the floor. He was evidently much disturbed by what Herbert had communicated.

"Do you know how much was paid to Jane Bledsoe for her land?" he inquired, stopping before the young man.

"I think she was paid the nominal sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. Mr. Payne managed it. There was an old mortgage on the farm, which was held as an investment by the executors of the Lamson estate. Mr. Payne offered a handsome premium for this mortgage, which the executors did not care to refuse. Soon after it came into his possession, he called to see Miss Bledsoe and her mother, and, after some management and parleying, succeeded in getting them to sell him the old farm, and take in its stead forty acres of land half a mile back from the river, which he deeded to them free of all incumbrance. It was agreed that they should have the privilege of remaining for three or four months on the old place."

"What value does Mr. Payne set upon that land to-day?" asked my father.

"I do not know. As the site of a large manufacturing establishment, it is, of course, worth a great deal more than it was as a mere farm."

"Did the company want as much as thirty acres for the site of their mills?"

"I really cannot say, Mr. Lovel. It's to be pre-

sumed so, however, or Mr. Payne would not have secured so large a piece of ground."

"If I understand you, the land was deeded by Jane Bledsoe and her mother to Andrew Payne."

"It's my impression," replied Herbert, "that Mr. Catherwood is named in the deed jointly with Mr. Payne."

"As trustees for the corporation?"

"I can't say. But I think not. Indeed, I am quite sure nothing is mentioned in the deed about a trust. In fact, the new company was not, at the time this purchase was made, fully organized. If it had been known for what purpose the land was wanted, it could not have been bought for less than five times the sum that was paid for it."

"Then, as I understand it, the land on which these mills are to be built is now the individual property of John Catherwood and Andrew Payne."

"I believe that is so. But, as Mr. Catherwood is president of the company, and Mr. Payne only an agent, it is, of course, an understood thing that the land really belongs to the mills, and will be formally deeded at the right time."

"For the price at which it was originally purchased?"

"Indeed, sir, I am not informed as to that," Herbert replied, in a tone that indicated some annoyance at the way in which my father was pressing him with inquiries. "In fact, Mr. Lovel," he continued, "I am afraid that I've been talking a little too freely, and, it may be, a little prematurely."

Mr. Fordyce had taken no part, and, to a casual observer, but little interest, in the conversation. He was sitting with his eyes cast upon the floor, and his face turned so that it was in shadow and its expression partially concealed.

"What about Jane Bledsoe and her mother?" he now inquired, looking toward and addressing my father. "Have they any other property?"

"None. The farm originally contained over two hundred acres; and, while Mr. Bledsoe lived, was one of the most productive, for its size, in the county. But after his death there was trouble among the heirs about some of the provisions in the will, and it was as much as I could do to keep them from going to law with each other. The two boys acted very badly, and insisted on having the property sold and a division made at once. The sale was finally made, the mother and daughter buying in the old homestead and about thirty acres, at a valuation of two thousand dollars. Besides this, the sum of nineteen hundred dollars came to them as their share in the cash proceeds of the sale. About one thousand of this sum still remains invested in six per cent. bonds. Beyond the interest received on these bonds, they have had no income for several years, except what could be made out of their farm, and this has barely sufficed to keep them above want."

"What became of the two sons?" asked Mr. Fordyce.

"They are both dead," replied my father. "It did not take them long to run through with their

portion of the estate. Then they fell into idle and vicious habits, and died drunkards before they were thirty years of age."

"It was a wicked thing in Andrew Payne!" said Mr. Fordyce. I noticed a throb of indignant feeling in his voice.

"I only wish that I had a chance to be wicked after the same fashion," spoke out Herbert.

No one replied for some moments. Then Mr. Fordyce said, with much seriousness of manner: "To be wicked after any fashion is a great mistake, Herbert."

"But, surely, Mr. Fordyce," the other returned, "you don't call it wicked to buy a piece of property at the market price?"

"When Mr. Payne, knowing as he did how largely valuable the little homestead of the Bledsoes was about to become, took advantage of their debt and poverty to force them to sell it, was he doing as he would be done by?" asked Mr. Fordyce.

"Is every man to be accounted wicked who doesn't do as he would be done by?" Herbert queried in return, and with the manner of one who felt that he had made a point in the argument.

"To act contrary to a divine law is to act wickedly," said Mr. Fordyce. "You will scarcely question that, Herbert?"

"No, sir; I have nothing to say against that."

"Who said, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise?'"

"If every man who doesn't live up to that rule is to be accounted wicked, I'd like to know where you are going to find the good people," Herbert retorted, a little fretfully, as one on whom an unpleasant truth was dawning.

"If it be a divine law, to disobey it must be to act wickedly," said Mr. Fordyce.

"It is only given as one of the sayings of our Lord, not as a direct commandment," the young man replied.

"I cannot make out the distinction," returned Mr. Fordyce. "As I understand it, there is nothing merely legal and arbitrary in a divine command. It simply declares an essential law of order. Theft is not an evil because of the precept, 'Thou shalt not steal,' but because stealing is the trespass of one man upon the rights of another, and a violation of the laws of neighborly love. And what is true of this commandment is true as to the whole decalogue. But, going back to your remark that what has been called the Golden Rule is only one of the sayings of our Lord, and not a direct command, let me refer you to His enunciation of a still higher law: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' If the Golden Rule be so strait, who shall come up to the measure of this law?"

Herbert Radcliff, who had been leaning forward in a confident way, drew back in his chair, and remained silent.

A knock on the door interrupted some additional remarks that Mr. Fordyce was about making. Mr. Radcliff had called with Mr. Catherwood, and had

been shown into the parlor. As my father withdrew from the library, I turned toward Mr. Fordyce, and saw a change in his countenance almost as great as that which had surprised me a little while before. But it passed swiftly, and the old, calm expression returned.

"I wonder what they can want with your father?" said my mother. I fancied that I saw a look of concern creeping into her face.

"To take stock and become a director in the new manufacturing company which Herbert has been telling us about," answered Mr. Fordyce.

My mother shook her head, saying: "In that case, they have come on a fruitless errand, as Mr. Payne ought to know. We have no money to invest in anything."

"You can do as father did—give land for stock," said Herbert.

"The real for the unsubstantial; the certain for the doubtful," returned Mr. Fordyce. "Land, into which the divinely creative forces perpetually flow and give sure increase, for scrip which over-reaching cupidity, or scheming dishonesty, may render valueless in a moment. I am sorry, Herbert, that your father has been drawn into a scheme which is only experimental, and which may prove, in the end, a disastrous failure."

"Mr. Catherwood hasn't made a reputation for failures," returned the young man, in a confident way. "One need scarcely hesitate about following suit when he finds Mr. Catherwood a leading investor in any new enterprise."

I noticed a quick movement to reply on the part of Mr. Fordyce; but he restrained himself. No one spoke for several moments. Then he said: "There is one fact bearing on this particular enterprise which would deter me from having any part in it."

"What is that?" inquired my mother.

"The very first stones of its foundations are laid on sand."

"I should call it good, solid earth or rock," said Herbert.

"Let us see," answered Mr. Fordyce. In the seventh chapter of Matthew I read: 'And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it.'

There was something very impressive in the school-master's voice as he uttered these divine words. A long silence, and then Mr. Fordyce continued: "'I will be a swift witness,' says the Lord in Malachi, 'against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.' In Isaiah, He pronounces a woe against those who decree unrighteous decrees, to turn away the needy from judgment, and take away the rights of the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless. And in Matthew a woe is pronounced against those who devour widows' houses. I should hardly call that foundation a safe

one, the first stones of which are laid in wrong to a poor, helpless widow and her daughter. If God were not a just and righteous God; or, if He were not omniscient; or, if He were not tender, and loving, and pitiful; or, if He were indifferent to the welfare of the children of men; or, if He had not all power in Heaven and earth, to set up and to cast down at His own good pleasure—then it might be different."

"It seems to me," said Herbert, "that you make out altogether too strong a case against the new corporation. There has been no devouring of widows' houses, nor robbery and oppression of the fatherless."

"And yet, upon your own showing," replied Mr. Fordyce, "the Widow Bledsoe and her daughter were forced, under the threatened foreclosure of a mortgage, to part with the old place which had become dear to them through the associations of nearly a whole life-time; and for a sum scarcely equal to one-fifth of what her oppressors knew to be its real value. If this is not making prey of a widow, and devouring her house, and robbing the fatherless, I do not know the meaning of language."

"Granting, for argument sake, all that you allege against the purchasers of this property," was answered, "the wrong done cannot lie against the new corporation, and therefore it will not come under the ban of God's displeasure—will not be punished for the sins of an individual member."

"There will be many crumbling stones in the foundation of this new enterprise, I fear, and many quicksands under the foundation, if such men as John Catherwood and Andrew Payne are to be among the master builders!"

Mr. Fordyce spoke with emphasis and feeling. Something but half-concealed in the undertones of his voice caused me to look into his face. His brows were contracted, and his lips closely shut together. He was struggling with some aroused passion, and holding it down with a resolute hand. Quickly regaining his lost composure, he added, in a calmer but not less serious voice: "And so I say now, and shall not fail to say whenever called upon to speak, Have nothing to do with an enterprise that is built with crumbling stones on a sandy foundation."

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE men had met by appointment. They were John Catherwood, Andrew Payne and James Radcliff—two of them were strong, clear-seeing, ambitious and unscrupulous; the other weak and pliant. Mr. Catherwood had now been at Oakland for over two weeks, and had made the acquaintance of nearly all the prominent and influential people in the neighborhood, many of whom felt flattered and complimented by the courteous and pleasant ways of the great capitalist, whose name had become prominent in money-circles and in connection with bold enterprises. At this particular meeting certain plans were to be considered and settled, and also a certain line of action, by which a few

could control the many, and absorb the larger share of benefit.

I have little knowledge of the more important business matters that were discussed and settled at this meeting. During the conference, the name of Mr. Fordyce was introduced by Mr. Radcliff, who said that he possessed great influence with my father, and had used that influence to dissuade him from taking stock in the new corporation.

"I don't know why it is, Mr. Catherwood," he remarked, "but he's taken a strong prejudice against you."

"Not stronger than I have taken against him," was rejoined.

"Then you've met?" said Mr. Radcliff.

"Only once or twice in Oakland. What is he doing here?"

"He has charge of the town school."

"How long has he been in this place?"

"Quite a number of years."

"Seven or eight?"

"Yes."

"How has he behaved himself?"

"I've heard nothing to his discredit."

"Nothing?" Mr. Catherwood gave a shrug, and looked mysterious. "How came you to give him charge of your school? Had he any credentials?"

"I think," returned Mr. Radcliff, "that he offered but a single recommendation, and that was from Governor R——."

"From Governor R——?" Mr. Catherwood was evidently taken by surprise. "Are you sure it was genuine?"

"Genuine? Why, sir, you don't mean to intimate such a thing against Mr. Fordyce as the forgery of credentials?"

"Governor R—— knows all about Allan Fordyce, and I cannot believe it possible that he would indorse him."

"Who and what is he?" now asked Mr. Payne. "I never liked the man. Nobody in Oakland knows who he is, or where he came from. I have always had a suspicion that there was something wrong about him."

"Does he give satisfaction as a teacher?" asked Mr. Catherwood.

"The highest satisfaction," promptly answered Mr. Radcliff.

"Not to everybody," returned Mr. Payne. "He puts notions into some of the boys' heads that will spoil them for men of business. I had to be setting my Donald right all the while, and was glad when the time came for him to leave school. He's ruined Davy Lovel. The boy will never make his way in the world, any more than his father before him."

"You know this man's history," said Mr. Radcliff.

"Yes, and he knows that I know it. You should have seen his blank face when I came suddenly upon him the other day."

"What about him?" asked Mr. Payne. "Let us have his history."

"Some other time. I'll think about it. Poor

devil! I had no thought of finding him here. I'm sorry he has crossed my path again."

"Herbert Radcliff tells me," said Payne, "that he warned Mr. Lovel not to risk a dollar in any enterprise where you had the leading control."

"That was kind in the fellow." Mr. Catherwood's manner changed, and his brows drew sharply together. "What reason did he give?"

"In regard to this mill enterprise, he said that the foundations were laid with crumbling stones, in a bed of quicksand, and that it would ultimately fall into ruins."

"Then we'd better discharge the workmen and abandon the enterprise," said Mr. Catherwood, "for a prophet has prophesied against us." There was irony in his voice.

"He bears an old grudge, I suppose, and thinks this a good chance to pay it off," remarked Mr. Radcliff.

"He's a fool to cross my path. I thought he knew better. I could ruin him with a word; and if he tempts me to set my heel upon him, I will crush him as I would crush a worm; and with as little pity."

The repressed passion of the man broke forth. His countenance grew dark, and his eyes flamed with a cruel hatred.

"Do you know what he means by crumbling stones and a bed of quicksand?" asked Mr. Radcliff.

"I neither know nor care," was answered.

"Let me tell you. He calls your purchase of the Bledsoe property a case of devouring widows' houses, and a robbery of the fatherless, and says that God will be a swift witness against you."

"The devil he does!" Mr. Catherwood gave a short, derisive laugh.

"Yes, against you, and Andrew Payne, and the whole corporation, as partners in oppressing the widow and the fatherless."

After Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Payne had indulged in certain profane denunciations and threats against the schoolmaster for his meddling interference in what was "none of his business," Mr. Radcliff said: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, but I can't help feeling, and I think my impressions will be shared by nearly every one in Oakland when the facts become known, that you were not quite liberal enough in your transactions with Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter."

"We gave them all their place was worth at the time we bought it," replied Payne. "As for its present value, that is of our own creating, and we are entitled to the advantage we have secured."

"I don't deny that you are. But many people will regard it differently. You see how quickly Fordyce has seized upon it to arouse prejudice, and turn public sentiment against you. In our first interview with Mr. Lovel, he was, as you remember, very favorably inclined. I felt quite sure of him. But now you can't get him to listen to a word. He's a peculiar man, and very straight in his notions of right and wrong. He doesn't like the way in which you got hold of the Bledsoe property, and thinks,

with Mr. Fordyce, that it will be safest to have nothing to do with men who have so little regard, as he says, for the poor and the helpless—the widow and the orphan."

"Faugh! I've no patience with Lovel!" ejaculated Mr. Payne. "Setting himself up, and meddling in what doesn't belong to him. It isn't the first time he's crossed my way, or presumed to act as a judge in my affairs, or tried to thwart me in my purposes. If I ever get a fair chance at him, I'll pay him back with more than interest."

"I'm afraid you misunderstand David Lovel," returned Mr. Radcliff. "I have known him for many years, and have always found him a good neighbor, a just and true man and a wise counselor. He has great influence in Oakland, and there are many people who will listen to him and be affected by what he says. In the way he is likely to present the case, your dealing with Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter will hardly be considered as fair and generous. You might double the price at which you obtained the property, and still have a splendid bargain."

"And so double, or, it may be, quadruple the price of every acre of ground on this side of the river, from Striker's Falls to Oakland." Mr. Payne shook his head in a decided negative. "That would be paying too dear for the good opinion of Mr. Lovel, whose influence in this community you entirely overrate, Mr. Radcliff."

"If," was replied, "the price paid to the Bledsoes had been five or six thousand dollars, or any other sum agreed upon in a fair and open transaction—"

"Who says the transaction was not fair and open?" demanded Payne, an angry flush rising to his face.

"I think," said Mr. Radcliff, weakening a little in his manner, "that it was a mistake to force these women to sell their property. Public sentiment, when aroused, usually takes part with the weak and helpless, and against those who are charged with doing them wrong. A liberal offer of one or two thousand dollars more than was paid for this property, would have secured its ready transfer, and you would have had the land at a price far below its real value as a site for the new mills. It is my opinion that for every dollar gained in this business, a hundred will be lost."

"I can't see it," answered Payne, in a dogged way.

"Take Lovel's case as an instance," returned Mr. Radcliff.

An angry gesture and a bitter imprecation on my father's head was Payne's response.

"State Mr. Lovel's case," said Mr. Catherwood, in his usual cold, reflective way. "I would like to consider it from your standpoint, Mr. Radcliff."

"Mr. Lovel owns a strip of rocky land lying upon the river, and running back for a hundred and fifty rods, which has never been under culture, and which would hardly pay for tillage. Besides the increased value of this piece of land in case the line of road should be changed, as you say is contemplated, its possession is particularly desirable because of the large bed of fine building-stone that it contains. If

the corporation could secure this property, it would have upon its own land not only stone enough of a good quality to erect all its buildings, but to supply what was needed in Oakland for the next twenty years. The new line of road would open the quarry to a market."

Mr. Catherwood was bending his head and listening intently. The veins were swelling into chords upon his temples.

"I see—I see. Well?" Mr. Catherwood spoke with repressed eagerness.

"At the close of our interview with Mr. Lovel," resumed Mr. Radcliff, "you will remember that he was very favorably impressed with the mill enterprise, and with your suggestion that, as he had no money to invest, he should exchange this very piece of unproductive land for stock in the new corporation. You were not aware of the true worth of this land, nor had I thought of it in the way it now presents itself. We had other views in regard to its value. Now, what has killed this thing is that business of the Bledsoes. As soon as Fordyce got hold of Mr. Lovel, he held up this transaction as a heinous wrong that God would punish with disaster upon the whole enterprise; and so wrought upon his superstitious fears that he will now have nothing to do with it. My son Herbert is frequently at the Lovels, and has heard Mr. Fordyce talk. If it is possible to head this thing off and shut the lips of our meddlesome schoolmaster, it ought to be done."

"I'll shut his lips effectually; trust me for that," said Mr. Catherwood, his face darkening.

"But the mischief has been done, and will stand, unless we can do something to remove the charge of unfair dealing toward Mrs. Bledsoe and her daughter."

"I see. You'd better call on these people at once, Mr. Payne, and talk the matter over with them. Manage it in the best way you can; but satisfy them entirely, let it cost what it will. We cannot afford to do without Mr. Lovel. As for this Allan Fordyce, I will take care of him."

CHAPTER IX.

WE had seen nothing of Mr. Fordyce for several days. Something new in his manner, and strange in the impression which it made upon us, had been observed and felt, and we had talked about it, questioning as to what it could mean. I had mentioned to no one the incident of his meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood on the road, when that surprised recognition on his part and that of the lady occurred, though it was continually in my mind, a subject of question and speculation. He never referred to it in the most distant manner; but I saw a change in him from that time, and an expression in his face when it was at rest that gave me much concern.

I had driven into Oakland for something needed on the farm, and before returning went round to the school-house. It was past the hour for closing the

school, and I hoped to find Mr. Fordyce there alone. In this I was not disappointed. Pushing open the school-room door, I went in quietly, and saw, as I entered, the schoolmaster sitting in his usual place when the school was in session, but with his head bent forward on his desk and his face hidden in his folded arms. He did not move as I came slowly down the aisle between the rows of benches, and I thought at first that he was sleeping. I was within a few feet of him before he was aware that any one had entered. Then he looked up with a start, and with, it seemed to me, a half-frightened expression. There were lines of intense suffering all over his face.

"Oh! Davy!" he said, the tenderness coming into his voice. I hardly knew it as that of my friend, it was so different from the old voice, whose echoes were ever in my heart like strains of remembered music. He arose to his feet as I came up to the desk, and grasping my hand, held it very tightly for a few moments. Then he drew an arm about me. I saw that he was struggling hard to get the mastery over himself.

"Have you been sick, Mr. Fordyce?" I asked. "We've all been wondering as to what had become of you."

"No, Davy; I have been very well," he replied, his old voice and manner coming back. "How are all at home? Well as usual, I hope?"

"Yes. Won't you go out with me this afternoon? Father would like to have a talk with you, I know. He's been expecting to see you every day."

"Not this afternoon, Davy."

I fancied that his manner became a little embarrassed. His eyes were turned away from me.

"Are you in a hurry to get home, Davy?" he asked, the tender tones coming into his voice once more.

"No," I replied.

"Then we'll have a good, long talk here in the old school-room. There'll be nobody to interrupt us."

He drew a chair for me, and we sat down together.

"There are many things on my mind that I would like to say to you," he began, with his old, grave gentleness of manner. "You've been in my thought all day. Has it been strong enough to draw you here, I wonder? Who knows?"

He laid his hand upon me almost lovingly. A softer light crept into his eyes, and a warmer glow fell upon, or rather shone into, his face. I waited for him to go on; but he remained silent so long that I began to have a strange feeling, and to wonder what was in his thought. When he spoke, his voice was low and calm; but I felt the repression that was in it, and knew that he was holding down with a strong hand some struggling emotion. What could it mean? What could have disturbed the deep serenity of his life?

"You remember the conversation we had on the hill, Davy," he said, "as we stood looking over the valley and at the mountains far away? How we talked of God's perfect work, and of His perpetual

presence and power in nature, and of His still more intimate presence and power with man, the highest achievement and end of creation."

"Yes, I remember it all," I replied.

"And what I said about God's care for us as spiritual beings, and of the infinite and eternal purposes that were in all His providences? Of what I said about the use and meaning of the disappointments, and losses, and sorrows, and sufferings which are permitted to fall upon us by the Lord?"

I was silent. Yes, I remembered but too well; and how swiftly my heart had rebelled against the thought that any possible good to Olive or to myself could ever come of her turning from me to Donald Payne. Mr. Fordyce was reading my face, and he knew my thought from what he saw there.

"It is impossible for us to have faith in the goodness of God, or to regard Him as a wise and loving Father, who is always seeking to draw us nearer and nearer to Himself, that He may fill our souls with joy unspeakable, unless we look higher than this world, and think of life as eternal."

His voice seemed as if thrown to me from a distance, like the far-off voice of a preacher uttering some pious platitude. The truth which he had spoken did not find its way to my reason or my convictions. And so I still kept silence.

"I am greatly concerned for you, Davy," he went on, his manner changing and becoming more impressive. "I know what you will have to bear and suffer." His voice broke on the last words, and he paused for a moment. Then resuming: "I am going to talk to you about Olive."

"It won't be of any use, Mr. Fordyce," I said, quickly. "And I can't bear it."

"I am going to help you to begin to bear it, Davy; and there will be some use in that." He was gentle with me, but very earnest. "And now let me ask if you are right sure that you love Olive Radcliff?"

I was too much surprised by the question to be angry. Sure that I loved Olive!

"You love what you believe her to be."

I understood Mr. Fordyce, and the sentence struck and hurt me like a blow.

"She is your ideal of all that is pure and perfect in woman."

"She is all that is pure and perfect!" I replied, with boyish passion.

"It is possible that she may become so, Davy," he said, not changing his manner. "Will become so, I trust. But purity and perfection are acquired, not innate virtues, and it takes many years for their growth and development—years, often, of painful discipline. Such years will fall into Olive's life if she marries Donald Payne. Had she the fine intuitions with which you have endowed her; or, latent, had they come into any degree of activity, his very presence would have hurt and repelled her. The thought of becoming his wife would have made her heart stand still in fear. It would have been impossible for her to turn from you to him."

As he spoke, a dusky veil came over the image of

Olive Radcliff, hiding its exquisite beauty, and chilling to coldness the warm air in which my soul had lived with her soul. My heart almost ceased to beat, and lay like a dead thing in my breast.

"I do not say, Davy," Mr. Fordyce resumed, "that the instincts of which I have spoken are not latent in the soul of Olive. I believe that they are. But the fact that she can not only bear the near presence of Donald, and accept him as a lover, makes it plain that there is base metal in her fine gold."

His words were like blows, beating me down; but they came with convictions which I could not resist. The strong impulse to defend her, which, in the beginning, I had restrained with difficulty, died away, and my lips were silent.

"And now, Davy"—Mr. Fordyce had waited for a long time that I might have opportunity for clearer thoughts, and a better command of myself—"and now, Davy, there is something else that I wish to say. You have no longer any right to think of Olive as more than a friend or acquaintance. After she becomes Donald's wife, which I learn will be early in the fall, you must guard mind and heart lest you cherish a thought or feeling toward her that is forbidden in the divine law. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' is as binding a commandment as 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Not to love Olive! Not to think of Olive! Not to care for Olive! And in all the past, as far back as memory could go, there had been no time in which I had not loved her—no time in which thought and care for her had not been the sweet aliment of my life! It was a hard saying, and I could not bear it—at least not then. There was little need for any response on my part—response in words, I mean. Mr. Fordyce knew, by means of a finer sense than the external eye or ear, the state of mind into which his admonitions had thrown me.

"I have no fear for my Davy," he said, with an uplifting confidence in his voice that went through me like an exhilarating wine. "He will be true as steel to the right, and loyal to his convictions."

I raised my eyes to his face, and let him see the full expression of my own into which the new strength which he had given me was beginning to reveal itself.

"My brave, true Davy!" He had drawn an arm about me.

The strain on my feelings was so great that I laid my face on his bosom and sobbed.

"The way to life is through death," he said, as I grew calm. "When lower things in us die, higher things are born."

His meaning did not reach my thought.

"The love you have felt for Olive," he went on, "has been little more than a blind passion. It will die; it must die; for love cannot exist without substantial food; and there is none here that can nourish such a pure and noble love as my Davy's heart is capable of feeling. It will die; but into the dead mould of its perishing there will come a new influx

of life—a higher, a purer, a diviner life—and a larger capacity for that true love which is self-forgetting and patient."

There was something in the impression which Mr. Fordyce made upon me that I had never felt before. Below the calmness of his exterior, I was conscious of a faint and far-off spasm of unconquered pain or passion, and my heart began to turn from its own suffering in pity for the hidden anguish which might be quivering in his. As I looked at him, a mist seemed to dissolve from before my sight, and my eyes to gain a new power. Had a great change come to that dear and honored face? or was it only that my vision had become clearer? I did not know. Even as I gazed, the mist appeared to fall again, and through it I saw the visage grow almost luminous, and sweet with a tender grace that made it beautiful.

"I am going to talk to you about God, Davy, and about the way He leads us in the paths of life." A new quality had come into his voice. It was firmer in tone, but low and reverent. "God is love. Don't think of this love as a vague abstraction, nor with any obscuring qualifications; but as the very inmost, essential and active life of God. Now, will not He who is love itself seek the highest of all blessings for His children? Would there not be a defect in love if its purpose were to fall in anything below the supremest good? What is the supremest good? Where is it to be found? Not in this world, where at best we can live for only a few years; but in the next world, where, happy or miserable, we are to live forever. Out of the things of this world, taking them at their best, we can get only a partial and swiftly-passing good; but out of the things which belong to the world which we call spiritual, we may obtain a good that is substantial, lasting and ineffable. All the pleasures that belong to this world are transient. If sought for as an end, they elude pursuit. If rested in for the sake of mere enjoyment, they grow wearisome, and turn into what is undelightful—often into absolute pain. Now, will not our loving heavenly Father, in His providential care over us, have ever in view, as the first thing, our eternal happiness? And will He not so order and control all natural events that they shall best serve this higher purpose? The end will not, in this case, be worldly ease, and comfort, and honor, and riches, but salvation and eternal life. If He can lead us heavenward only by the ways of sorrow and pain, or loss, or disappointment, or tribulation, then in these ways will He, in all tenderness and compassion, set our feet; and while we walk in these ways He will be very near to us, even though our blind eyes may not see Him, nor our rebellious or complaining hearts perceive His presence. Ah, if while walking through the valley we would but reach out our hands that He might take hold of them! Would be patient, and humble, and submissive, that He might strengthen and comfort us!"

His voice softened into pathos, and shook with feeling, as he closed the last sentence.

"We must have faith in God," he went on, after a brief silence. "Not faith as a mere sentiment, not

dogmatic faith, nor the faith of creeds and formulas; but the faith of conviction, the faith of trust and confidence, the faith which gives the largest credence to the promises of God, the faith that prompts the heart to do His will, and that gives patience to await the outcome, in full assurance that all will be well, and that at the evening-time there shall be light."

His tones were deep and tremulous again. I had never before seen in him such a betrayal of feeling; nor, confident as was his speech, so many signs of human weakness. Heretofore, he had seemed to stand above me, in a serene atmosphere, self-sustained. But I felt the beating of his heart now, and the low, inaudible cry for help with which it was calling upon God, even while he talked of His infinite love.

The school-room door opened, and a lad came in somewhat noisily.

"Is Mr. Fordyce here?" he called out, as he shut the door behind him, and came tramping along between the benches. "I've got a letter for him. A lady over at the hotel sent it, and said I must give it to him and nobody else."

As Mr. Fordyce took the letter from the boy's hand and glanced at the address, I saw a pallor strike into his face. For a few moments his eyes seemed held to the missive as by a charm. Then, with a nervous movement, he laid it upon the desk before which he was sitting, and pushing it aside with an ill-assumed air of indifference, as if it were something that could wait, said to the boy: "All right. Thank you."

But the boy stood as if his errand were not yet done.

"Did the lady tell you to bring an answer?" asked Mr. Fordyce. There was as great a change in his voice as in his countenance and manner.

"She didn't say so; but maybe, if you read it, there'll be one, and I can take it back."

"No matter, my lad. If an answer is required I will send it."

The boy lingered for a short time, and then went away, turning around and looking back two or three times before reaching the door.

The shadows of evening were beginning to fall. It was time for me to go, and, rising, I said: "Good-bye, Mr. Fordyce. It is later than I thought, and I must be getting home. Or, won't you go with me? Father wants to see you very much."

The schoolmaster shook his head. "Not this evening, Davy. Good-bye!" He was holding my hand with a harder grip than usual. "And don't forget what we've been talking about. Be true to God's laws always. No good thing (nothing that is a real good) will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. The way of His commandments is a safe way. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast. Ah, my Davy!"

He bent down with a sudden movement and kissed me. As he lifted his head, I saw that his eyes were full of tears, that his lips were trembling, and that spasms of feeling were quivering over his face.

"God bless you and keep you, Davy!" His voice

struggled with emotion. A great sob shook his frame. Sinking back into his chair, he let his head fall upon his bosom as one beaten down and helpless.

I stood for some moments in surprise and bewilderment; then dropping by his side, I drew my arms about him; not speaking—for what could I say?—only sending, in the pressure of my arms, heart-messages of love and pity.

The long silence that followed was broken by Mr. Fordyce.

"And, now, good-bye, Davy," he said, lifting himself. The deep pathos of his eyes, the strange thrill which ran through his hand into mine as he held it tightly for a moment—I see and feel them now after these many years!

(To be continued.)

A BOUQUET OF LETTERS.

MY article entitled, "Fetch me that Flower," brought me so large a bouquet I fear there will be serious objection to my setting it on the editorial table. However, I feel so much at home in the *sanctum*, I not only take the liberty of showing up my floral treasures, but also intend introducing a few laudatory remarks from Leona's letter as a sort of preface to the performance:

"DEAR MISS CARROL: Thanks and thanks, not only for your beautiful and instructive floral article in the April number of Mr. Arthur's good magazine, but for preceding 'Flower Talks,' which have been not alone pleasant in the reading, but instructive also. It is your dear mission through these to have had the brightening of many homes through winters of storm and cold, and of adding beauty and variety to very many 'Little Spots' and 'Wee bit Gardens' when the glad earth rejoices in the spring and summer seasons.

"I am not used to writing to literary ladies, and therefore do not know the etiquette of the occasion; am not aware that I shall not be transgressing rules in taking this opportunity of mentioning my warm admiration and appreciation of all your contributions to the aforesaid good magazine. The only excuse, if it be a violation of rules, is that you never asked us to write to you until now, and perhaps may not again."

And now let me see. Here are roses white and red, crimson fuchsia-bells dreaming over some marvelous melody, trailing arbutus whispering the secrets of the spring, prince pansy in purple and gold, the "sisterhood of lilies," and a sprinkling of familiar garden and field flowers, without which my nosegay would be incomplete.

My invitation to flower-lovers met with so generous a response, that for weeks after the April magazine's issue I seemed to have had the pleasure-gardens of a continent opened unto me, and to be walking through whole avenues of bloom and fragrance. From sun-awathed California, from "over

the border," out of the West, down from the North, up from the South, fluttered the scented leaflets, making up my bouquet of letters, until hands and heart overflowed.

One thing touched me more than aught else. Almost every correspondent wrote for very love of flowers, presenting their favorites intertwined with some tender thought, some golden memory, leaving nothing for me to do but take and enjoy the offering.

Mrs. G——, of Massachusetts, names white roses and trailing arbutus, saying, the latter

"Brings memories of old academy days. I seem to smell once more the fragrance of the pines, and hear the rush of waters and the merry voices of school-mates, and to see a fair young head crowned with the pale pink blossoms as we hailed its owner Queen of May." The spot has sadly changed, she tells me. "We who met there have changed as much as the place. We are scattered, and some have 'fallen asleep.' Well is it if none who are left behind envy that dreamless slumber."

Miss Carrie A. I——, from West Philadelphia, writes so sweetly, I would like to give her letter intact. Not daring to venture on the crowding process too far, I must content myself with a few extracts:

"I admire every bud and blossom that blooms in these lower gardens of the Lord, from the firstling of the flock dotting the earth in early spring, to the last gorgeous blossom matching with brilliant dye the sunset colored woods of autumn. They are truly called 'God's thoughts,' and my soul delighteth in them all. Did you ever see a flower affecting you in a peculiar manner—as if it were a part of yourself—your very life? Such is the feeling I have for fuchsias."

Another correspondent describes pansies as producing the same effect, and puts a question in this quaint way:

"Perhaps, like Silas Wegg, who, in his visits to Boffin's Bower, 'dropped into poetry when he was friendly,' you who are always so friendly to your readers will explain this feeling when you drop into the literary."

I confess entire ignorance on the subject. It is one of the secrets of our being, never to be revealed until "the mists have cleared away."

"Let us each endeavor to beautify our homes," writes Miss I——, in conclusion. "No matter how humble they be, try and make them bright and attractive. And as we plant our flowers and train our vines, let us also sow in our lives seeds of righteousness, and open our hearts to Him who is the Rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley."

This letter recommends variety in gardening effects, and alludes to an article published in Colonel Forney's *Press* a year or two ago, in which my humble name was mentioned in connection with a seed mission. If it is not too late, I return thanks to the writer of the article, and announce my readiness to assist in the interchange and gratuitous distribution of flower-seed, slip or bulb.

The following, from "Violet Verne," tells its own story:

"DEAR MADGE CARROL: I have had people take the words out of my mouth many a time, but never any one came into my heart and took the very thoughts out, as you have done. Writing of flowers, you say:

'My favorite?—Ah, you may bring me
Flowers orange, purple or blue—
Each thinking her own is the fairest;
I'll answer, I think it is, too!'

"Precisely my attitude toward the floral world, although I never could express it, much less put it into rhyme so prettily. For various reasons, some flowerets come closer to my heart than others. Among these I count what is considered one of the commonest of all—the dandelion. The sight of these in some hot little hand, carries me back to childhood's days, while a field spread with their 'cloth of gold' makes a perfect baby of me. Oh, the dear old days, when earth was as full of brightness as their starry faces! When my little round of life, like theirs, was light and sunshine from brim to brim.

"You will vote me extremely old-fashioned when I mention another favorite. It is the purple 'larkspur.' Some one has truly said:

'There is a turned-down page in every life.'

The book of earthly remembrance often contains records we cannot trust ourselves to read. It is the looking back and losing the battle. For our strength's sake, we dare not open to that hidden story. I cannot tell, then, why I love this tiny garden flower. The secret is written on life's turned-down page.

"The third precious flower is cyclamen. My bulbs will die off. Perhaps you can tell me how to prevent this. I cannot consent to pass the winter without at least one plant, and find renewing them very expensive."

Just here I take the liberty of slipping in the information desired. After the blooming season, gradually withhold water, and let the leaves die down. Through the summer, bury the bulbs in your garden-border. About the last of September, take them up, and pot in October or November in rich loam. A spoonful of soot, or a few pieces of charcoal mixed with the soil, gives size and brilliancy to the flowers.

Says Miss Violet in conclusion:

"I love this bit of plant-life with its drift-of-snow flowerets and heart-shaped leaves, because one who was very dear to me loved it, too. Its blossoms helped brighten the last winter of her poor, tired life, and in earliest spring dropped upon her cold hands—at rest from their labors.' So, my flower-loving friend, I bring for your bouquet gold, purple and white. May fragrance breathing blooms not be found wanting, is the earnest wish of one who, though dwelling in shadow, looks ever sunward."

Of her home in the Golden State, Miss R— writes:

"The orange-trees are in bloom, and the air is full of fragrance. There is no perfume sweeter. All kinds of fruit trees are in full flower, and in the gardens the white sprays of bridal wreath resemble garlands of snow. Rows of calla lilies hold up their marble-pure cups at every turn. Our garden boasts forty-five blossoms in all their marvelous purity and freshness."

Now a few words in answer to questions.

Mrs. W—, of Iowa, is informed that lilies of the valley are raised from bulbs, not seed.

Mrs. G—'s scarlet passion-vine is a greenhouse plant, and requires tender treatment.

I fail to recognize the specimens F— sends, therefore cannot answer.

"I wish you would tell us through the magazine which flower gets the most votes."

In answer to this request from the Bay State, I would say that the lily carried the day.

Miss L—, the last correspondent from whom I shall quote, gives this tender bit of word-painting in its praise:

"Fair, pure, stately, fragrant, with a delicate touch of isolation pathetic, almost holy, the sisterhood of lilies some way appeal to my soul as none others of all the miracles of beauty can. All are precious—these most precious."

Dear readers, since it is my good fortune, in the growing-season, to be enabled to give away seeds and plants in no small quantity, I am often met with this query: Will it bloom in the winter? I cannot always answer for a morsel of plant-life in earthly soil, yet am quite sure, kind friends, one and all, that these offerings of yours—this bouquet of letters—will bloom not alone through one, but through many winters.

MADGE CARROL.

THERE are those who are content to live in the lower ranges of competition. If their rewards are inadequate to their expectations, it is their own fault. They voluntarily condemn themselves to inferiority. A first-class mechanic never fails to take a first-class position. In social life, whoever studies elegance of manner and address is sure to be distinguished by the graces which fascinate and open the way into all circles. The athlete develops strength and muscular power, and proportions his body into a well-rounded symmetry by long and laborious training. The most skillful navigator is he who is best versed in astronomy, in the measurement of the globe's revolutions, in the position of the planets, in tides, ocean currents, atmospherical changes, natural phenomena and geographical facts. Columbus had faith in himself because he was the best-trained navigator of his age.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnestly at the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying: "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot somesin to say," was the innocent reply.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

DAVID WILKIE was born in 1785, at Cults, in Fifeshire, Scotland. He was the third son of Rev. James Wilkie and his third wife, Isabella Lister. The future artist, like his father before him, was reared in the midst of the deepest poverty, and not until he was comparatively well advanced in years was he sure of his bread. He learned very little at the schools, giving almost his whole time to drawing and painting; in his own words, "I could draw before I could spell, and paint before I could read." At length he was sent to the Scottish Academy, where he took several prizes for studies in oils. This fixed him in his determination to be a painter.

We next hear of him wandering around his native country, making studies of peasant life and cottage interiors, subsisting by the precarious returns derived from occasional portrait painting. And at the age of twenty he drifted into London, there to hover on the verge of starvation, as, for a long, weary while he scarce earned sufficient to procure him the barest food and shelter. But at length his labors were rewarded; his first great picture appeared—"The Pitlessie Fair"—in which are embodied sketches taken in and about his own home. This excited almost unbounded admiration, and procured for him the patronage of the Earl of Mansfield. Henceforth his course was steadily upward; though, quite late in life, many of his friends feared that he would degenerate from his own style into the commonplace, impelled so to do by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient prices for his works; in reality, however, time brought to him no decadence of power.

Knights, in easy circumstances, his parents well-provided for, the recipient of countless favors from the wealthy and noble, Wilkie now left his brush from time to time, and occupied himself in traveling. Having finished several tours through Europe, making elaborate studies as he went, he next set out for the Holy Land, announcing his intention of founding upon this journey a new style of religious art, in which the accessories should be derived from the scenes and manners of to-day, as opposed to the conventionalism of the old Italian school. But, on his homeward way he was suddenly taken ill off the Island of Malta, dying just as suddenly before the vessel reached Gibraltar. His remains were committed to the deep on the 1st of June, 1840.

The shock occasioned by the untimely death of this gifted painter, was one very widely felt, for he had endeared himself to his countrymen not only on account of his genius, but also his admirable qualities of heart and mind. As a son, a man and a Christian, he was well worthy of respect and imitation, from the very beginning of his career showing himself possessed of a truly generous spirit, which created for him many sincere friends, who lived to mourn him deeply.

Among the most noted of Wilkie's paintings are, "The Chelsea Pensioners," "The Blind Fiddler,"

"Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," "The Card Players," "The Village Politicians," "The Peddler," "The Jew's Harp," "The Letter of Introduction," "The Rat Hunters," "Duncan Grey," "Blind Man's Buff," "The Cut Finger," "The Peep o' Day Boy's Cabin," "Sir Walter Scott and Family," and "Princess Doria Washing the Pilgrims' Feet." Of these, "The Chelsea Pensioners" and "The Village Politicians" are unquestionably the greatest; "Sir Walter Scott and Family" represent the figures *en masquerade* in peasant's costume; "Princess Doria" depicts a scene which the artist actually saw while in Rome during a season of religious ceremonies; a certain kind of satire breathes through "The Letter of Introduction" and "The Peep o' Day Boy's Cabin," while a quaint humor is displayed in some of the minor works, such as "The Rat Hunters" and "Blind Man's Buff."

We present to our readers a copy of one of the most famous works of Sir David Wilkie, painted in the zenith of his fame. This great artist was almost absolutely without a rival in his own field of depicting life, especially life as displayed in striking attitudes, strong character and humorous situations. We give entire the description of this famous painting as found in "The Wilkie Gallery."

"The scene and subject were totally different from his previous ones, and yet equally true to nature. We have no longer the interior of the Scottish clachan or the rustic cottage, but are introduced to a more important if less picturesque scene of action—the comfortable steward's room in the mansion of his noble master, where preparations have been made to receive the rents of his humble tenantry, and to feast them well when the business is concluded. The box containing their deeds and the leases is open, while the tables are spread with the means of luxurious refreshment rarely or never partaken of but on this important occasion. Varying from stalwart youth to asthmatic infirmity, the tenants all appear of the humble class, clad alike in the frieze coat and clouted shoes, familiar to the plow-handles; yet they appear not to have come equally well-provided to the scene of reckoning, for while the countenances of some are calm and assured, others appear blank and despondent; and death, too, seems to have been busy since the last rent-day in calling in his debts, for among the circle sits a young widow whose hearth has been thus rendered desolate and her children orphans. A pathetic, almost painful feeling pervades this group; here, exquisitely blended by the painter's art, the lights and shadows of an humble class of Scottish life are cast upon the canvas with subtle skill and profound feeling, and we read in their varied expression 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'

"At a table in the foreground is seated, in his padded chair, the self-important functionary, 'every inch a steward'; a world of care and responsibility is on his close-knit brows, shrewdness in his eye, and in the keen and somewhat selfish lines of his face, the lower part of which indicates withal the well-fed, pampered inmate of a luxurious house. Before

him stands a figure perfectly primitive and patriarchal in the simplicity of his aspect and costume—one who has grown gray and bent under the toils of his humble life. His broad-brimmed hat and staff are laid on the floor while he pays his rent; and being no orator, he has devolved upon a young man, perhaps his son, the office of reclaiming some portion; his placid and patient manner contrasts curiously with the generous warmth of the young man, who, with looks persuasively bland and much ingenious acuteness, is pleading his cause to the important arbiter, who seems half-puzzled, half-angry at the nature of the application, and little disposed to admit it, if the letter of the lease, as seems the case, will bear him out in his hard exaction. Behind these are two farmers whose business is settled, and whose inimitably comic expression relieves the darker shadows of the picture—the one on the left, who appears to have paid somewhat in too great a hurry, is going over the items afresh; and the conclusion that he has been overreached is just dawning upon his face, full of ludicrous consternation and incipient fury. The other appears to be, like Cassio, no arithmetician, and is carefully and slowly working his way upon his finger-ends through some intricate calculation, with a curious abstraction that would provoke a smile 'under the ribs of death.'

"Next comes the sweet widow, upon whose pretty, gentle face sorrow appears to have cast the first traces, attired with modest neatness, her babe playing unconsciously with the key that once opened all the joys of a home of which she is no longer tenant; her elder child sits by her—a group pleasingly painful, as we anticipate in idea the distresses that too probably await those who have hitherto been living in the lap of affectionate security, from which their bereavement has driven them. Two more farmers are seated, one whose fallen countenance tells of unavailing struggles with misfortune; he gnaws the head of his staff, as, with listless dejection, he waits his turn to be called; the other is convulsively coughing, as though he would burst a blood-vessel, perhaps with exaggerated emphasis, to bespeak compassion and indulgence for a short-coming payment. Behind them stand two more; one of them seems well to do in the world, to whom his fellow, holding him tight by the button, seems to be detailing a whole catalogue of agricultural disasters.

"The painter has wisely consigned to the background a display of gluttony, which, while it completes the character of the picture, would be repulsive, but for the still broader humor which he has thrown over it. Around a well-spread table a few of the tenants who have paid their rents are making the most of an opportunity that comes but once a year, as though, by their desperate efforts, they could recover some portion of the money they had reluctantly parted with, or were determined to take away with them as large a discount as possible. A jovial butler, well amused at their voracity, is drawing corks with all his might, to keep pace with the drought of the party. There is a dogged seriousness

about their half-choking visages which is intensely ludicrous, and which *absorbs*, so to speak, all the grossness of the exhibition."

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

A LITTLE bird flew through the summer air,
And opened his beak to sing,
He flew and he flew, I know not where,
On fleetest, unfettered wing.
As the notes came trilling in ecstasy forth
Through the skies so deliciously blue,
A seed dropped down to the bosom of earth,
And lay till it rooted and grew.
And years and years and years from that day,
From the seed that in earth's brown bosom lay,
A plenteous harvest was borne away.

A little song rippled far out in its joy
One night as the sun went down,
And it fell on the ear of a soldier boy,
Who was wounded, and dying alone.
'Twas a song he had once heard his mother sing,
Through long years it came back to him—all,
And the glad lips that sent out the lullaby
Never dreamed where the echoes would fall;
But the sweet sound soothed him as through the skies
Its breathings whispered in soft, low sighs,
And wafted his soul into Paradise.

A messenger came with a token sweet,
Sent in mercy from Heaven above—
He came from the dear Master's crucified feet,
And crowned with His blessing of love,
But the message so sweet seemed unheeded to fall,
And with bitterest grief and pain
The messenger questioned the dear Lord of all,
If he'd spoken those words all in vain.
But years and years and years rolled away,
And a thousand poor souls were taught to pray
From a little word he dropped that day.

We know not the good that is treasuring up
From words we have feared were lost,
And it may be a harvest of glorified hope
We shall meet when the river is crossed.
Though sometimes the way may be hedged up and dim,

And the good that we do may seem small,
Weary not in well doing, but leave all with Him
Who knows e'en the sparrows that fall;
For years and years and years from to-day
Some heart may remember the words we say,
And bless God forever they fell in their way.

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

"GANG WI' A SMILE."

THEY say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

MRS. YORKE'S WARNINGS.

THE sewing circle was in session at Mrs. Armstrong's and a large attendance there was, too. Somehow, there always was a large attendance whenever it came Mrs. Armstrong's turn to entertain, though at other times it often happened that there were as many fines for absentees as members present. Her rooms were always bright and pleasant, and she was always bright and pleasant, too, with a hearty welcome for every one; and that, I suppose, had a good deal to do in drawing people there.

Now, it isn't true, as some people—mostly men, and cross ones—pretend to think, that women always talk scandal at sewing circles. There is none ever heard at ours—no tittle-tattle, no ill-natured criticism, no idle gossip. But this does not hinder our tongues running pretty glibly, for there are always plenty of harmless, if not instructive subjects, upon which we can air our ideas and cause the time to pass pleasantly. Sometimes, when work is not pressing, some one reads a story or recites a poem; and sometimes we all join in singing as we sew; and altogether we have enjoyable meetings.

The talk upon this particular day in our corner was not astonishingly instructive, but some of it was rather amusing. Somehow, it had turned upon the subject of warnings, dreams, presentiments, signs and omens, some contending that there really was "something in them," and others laughing at the idea. Mrs. Smith said she was always sure some bad luck was coming if she saw the new moon over her left shoulder; Jane Moore said the howling of a dog was sure sign of death in neighborhoods; Mrs. Bascom said she wouldn't pick up a pin unless the point was toward her when she first saw it, to insure good luck; Sarah Beman said she was sure to be sick soon if she saw the new moon through the window—through the *glass*—if the window was open she didn't mind; Widow Meeker said she always knew by her dreams during the night what was going to happen in the family the day following; Sadie Green said she never went out on Tuesdays, for she was sure to have some bad luck if she did—never find any one at home, or something; Mary Bishop said she always made all her folks sit down and count ten, and take a new start, when they forgot something and came back for it after leaving home; and another thing, she added, I never cut my nails on Sundays, for fear I'll do something I am sorry for or ashamed of during the week; Mrs. Simon said she always had premonitions of coming trouble, it was impressed upon her mind in some way, she couldn't explain how. And so they went on, with every now and then a combatting argument or bit of ridicule thrown in to keep up the interest.

"Come, Mrs. Yorke," said Mrs. Smith, after almost every one else had said something pro or con, "you haven't spoken upon this very grave subject. Do let us know upon which side you are to be counted—with the believers or scoffers."

Mrs. Yorke sighed, but did not answer immedi-

ately. She was fitting a sleeve into a mite of a frock for little Nannie Story. We had dropped our regular missionary work for a few weeks, and were fixing up comfortable winter clothing for a few needy families in the village, Widow Story, with her six helpless little ones, coming in for her share. Mrs. Yorke kept on pinning, and trimming, and measuring, until she had her work ready for basting, and then, sighing again as she laid down her scissors and took her needle, she said rather hesitatingly: "This conversation has recalled very vividly to my mind an event in my life that I shall never remember unmoved—an experience which I should be loth to live over. I have half a mind to relate the circumstances, and leave you to decide upon which side of the question I belong."

"Yes, do!" "Do, Mrs. Yorke!" and, "Do, please!" were reiterated upon all sides. And then followed the usual little flutter of preparation which precedes an expected recital; and while that is going on I will just take the opportunity to state that Mrs. Yorke was comparatively a new-comer in the place, and consequently but little was known of her previous history. We knew that she was the widow of a physician, in indifferent circumstances, with three children—two half grown boys and a little girl—to provide for. She was intelligent, of a serious, thoughtful turn, lady-like in her manners, and was much liked and respected in the neighborhood.

"We lived near the sea at the time I speak of," she began, in a dreamy, half-absent way, slowly waxing her thread and tying a knot in the end of it, and then, arousing herself, she began sewing briskly, going on with her story at the same time. "I should rather say, we lived five or six miles inland, but in a little village situated upon the bank of a river that flows into Barnegat Bay. This bay, as perhaps you all know, is a narrow ribbon of water, extending for many miles along the New Jersey coast, and separated from the ocean by a strip of barren sand, called 'the beach,' varying in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile. This is of no particular consequence just now, only I thought you would understand my story better by having a slight idea of the situation. The house in which we lived was close to the river, and within a few rods of the main boat-landing. Well, my husband, Dr. Yorke, was ardently fond of the water; and as the country about there was remarkably healthy, he had a good deal of leisure time upon his hands, which he mostly spent upon the river and bay. He bought a small sail-boat, and learned to manage her; but I was always worried and anxious about him when he was out, especially, as was often the case, when he had the boys with him. We had four—Willie was my youngest then, my little girl was born since. The neighbors used to frighten me, 'I tell you, Mrs. Yorke,' they would say, 'it's awful risky, the doctor's takin' them youngsters out so much. He don't know none too much about a boat; and his'n's an awful cranky thing, anyhow, as likely to upset as not, and he's reckless as the mischief, too.'

"I used to tell him what they said, and beg of him not to take the children unless it was very calm, and for short sails; but he would only laugh, and take them all the same; and I used to think he went himself the more, and ran more risks, just to show that he knew what he was about. I may as well say here that those who knew him called him very headstrong, and I suppose he was; but there are worse faults than that, and he was as free from such as any one I ever knew.

"Well, it came the fall of the year, the time for mackerel fishing on the beach. The best time for this kind of fishing is when there has been an easterly gale, followed directly by a strong wind from the west. The east wind drives the fish in shore, they say, and then the west wind beats back the heavy sea, and makes it smoother fishing. At such a time there is a great rush all along the shore for the beach. The fish are caught with what is called a 'squid,' which is a piece of lead, or pewter, moulded into the shape of a small fish, from four to six inches in length, the tail of which is a regular fish-hook. This squid is fastened to a strong line, some hundred or hundred and fifty feet in length. The line is carried in a large coil, ready to 'pay off' easily, and the squid is thrown as far out into the sea as the strength of the thrower and the length of the line will allow. The fisherman follows a receding wave down to the water's edge, throws his 'squid,' then runs back up the sand, winding up his line as he runs. A mackerel darts upon the shining metal, thinking it a small fish, and is caught upon the treacherous hook and brought with it on shore. Sometimes the fish are on in such numbers that the men and boys pull them ashore as fast as the can go through with the maneuvers. There is great fascination in this kind of fishing, as you may fancy, and it is not strange, I suppose, that people will sometimes risk their lives almost for the sake of enjoying it.

"Well, there had been an easterly storm, followed by a high westerly wind, and my husband and boys were up bright and early in the morning, impatient to be off to the beach. I did my best to hinder their going, but I might as well have talked to the wind. Then I tried to persuade the doctor to leave the boys at home, and go himself in some one of the large boats that were about starting and preparing to start soon; but no, he should go in his own boat, he said; she was good for all the wind that was blowing then; the wind was in her favor, and he could go over reefed down to a mere rag, and then it was probable it would fall toward night, so that there would be no difficulty about coming back; and as for leaving the boys at home, why they were nearly wild at the bare mention of it; even little four-year-old Willie was confident of being allowed to go. I kept him at home, though, he and the one next older; but Fred and Bennie, one twelve and the other ten years old, begged so hard that I gave up the contest. In fact, I felt it was quite as safe for them as for their father, for they were fully as good boatmen as he, and better swimmers.

"Look out for a ten-pound mackerel when I come home, mother," said Bennie, as he marched off with the lunch-basket on his arm, 'for I intend to catch one for you myself.'

"Bring yourself back to me, my child; that is all I will ask of you," I said, and, obeying a sudden impulse, I ran and caught him and kissed him on each cheek."

Mrs. Yorke's even tones faltered a little here, and she was visibly agitated. Bending low over her work, under pretense of picking out a tangle in her thread, she took time to recover her composure and her voice before continuing her story. Little Annie Beal reached her the beeswax, and took the opportunity to touch her hand with a caressing movement—just a touch, light and shy, but easily understood, and more welcome, doubtless, than more ostentatious sympathy. Mrs. Yorke waked her thread slowly, and handing the wax back to Annie with a look of grateful acknowledgment, resumed:

"There had been so much hurry and excitement all the morning, that I had hardly realized how fearfully the wind was blowing; but as soon as they were gone, especially when they had got well out into the river, and I saw how their little shell of a boat pitched and plunged, and how the water raged and foamed all about her, my heart sunk within me, and I felt cold, and faint, and sick. From our house we had a fair view of the river some half mile down, and I stood at the window watching them, blaming myself for not trying harder to keep them at home. Just as the mite of a sail disappeared around the Point of Cedars, little Willie cried out to me: 'Don't watch 'em out of sight, mamma, 'cause then you'll never see 'em again.' It was one of my own sayings—he had heard me use it dozens of times—but my mind had been so taken up that I had not thought of it this time, for a wonder.

"His words struck me like a blow, and I sunk into a chair, weak and trembling. Then I remembered another ominous circumstance which attended upon their starting. They had forgotten something—some of the boat tackle which was kept at the house—and Fred had come running back to get it. I was not in the room, and he was in and out again before I returned, or I would have made him sit down awhile, and then take a new start. Close upon this came the recollection that our neighbor's dog had howled diabolically all the night previous—always a sign of a death near at hand—and also that in my baking of the day before two of the loaves had cracks clear across them, another sign having the same fatal significance. I don't know how many other things I recalled then and there that had transpired within the last few days, all pointing to something of an unusual and melancholy nature soon to take place.

"One circumstance I had to comfort me; there were so many boats going over, that, if my folks did get into any trouble, it was probable some of the others would be within reach of them so as to give them assistance; and with this reflection I grew calmer after awhile, and able to go about my daily work—

but such a day as that was! It wore away, though, and got past the middle of the afternoon; and by that time the boats began to return—a few, one at a time came along, close-reefed, and beating their way laboriously against the wind, which had not abated in the least since morning. Then my anxiety got the better of me again. I couldn't work, so I put away my sewing, and walked the floor back and forth, back and forth, with my eyes, at every turn, riveted upon the Point of Cedars, to catch the first glimpse of every sail as it came into view. Presently Captain Peters's large yacht rounded the Point, double-reefed, and lying almost upon her side as she plowed through the foaming waves. Several of the townsmen had gone over with him, just to see the sport; and I thought, oh! if my husband and boys were only on board with them how happy I should feel. Suddenly it came upon me like a flash—like an inspiration or revelation, rather, for it was almost like spoken words, that this yacht was bringing me dreadful tidings—just what, I did not know—whether my dear ones were all drowned, or only one or two of them; but something of that nature I felt just as sure had happened as I do now that I shall leave this house to-night. Perhaps, I thought, they are bringing me their lifeless bodies, and I shall see them lifted out one by one; or maybe—and that seemed almost worse, if anything could have seemed worse at that time—I shall be told that they are lost, that it was impossible to recover even their remains. Then I thought how they would lie for days upon the sandy bottom of the river or bay, and then be buffeted and tossed from one place to another, playthings for the winds and tides, and finally be found one in one place, one in another, miles apart, and they would be brought home to me fearful objects, swollen, mangled and unrecognizable, all unlike the living, breathing, happy beings who had left me a few hours ago!

"My mind was running over all these horrors, and I was inwardly praying for strength to bear them, while Captain Peters was making the landing and taking in sail. I watched every motion, and noticed that the men moved about with unusual quiet, and there was no loud talk and laughter. Yes, I knew what they had to tell me just as well as I should after it was over. They all left the boat together, and came along the street, I watching them with my hands clinched and the nails cutting into the flesh. When they reached my gate there was an apparent pause, and a few words exchanged, and then Captain Peters seemed about to enter, but, as if suddenly changing his mind, walked on with the others. He can't bear to tell me, I thought. He will go home and send his wife. Sure enough, in less than a quarter of an hour I saw her coming.

"Perhaps you wonder why I waited—why I did not go out and question Captain Peters myself, and end the suspense, at the least. I had a feeling which prevented me. Perhaps some of you can understand it, and perhaps not—maybe I am singular—but although I felt it within me that the worst that could

happen had happened, still there was a spirit of resistance there, too, or something indescribable, that made me struggle against the cold, bare certainty. I felt unwilling to talk about it, thus seeming to bring it close and make it real. So, instead of questioning Mrs. Peters, encouraging her to disburden herself of what she had come to say, I said to myself, I will not meet the blow one step; it shall come to me, if come it must; I will not help her—will not make it all a dire reality one moment before it is necessary. But I could not appear easy and natural; I could not sit down; I kept walking aimlessly about the room, clasping and unclasping my hands, and making random remarks, and giving random answers to her attempts at conversation. Very soon, to my surprise, she arose and went away, and I said to myself: 'She hadn't the heart to tell me, after all. I wonder whom she'll send? Or is it possible?' I thought, with a sudden bound of my heart, 'that there is nothing for anybody to tell? That my dear ones are safe and are coming back to me again?' The thought was like a reprieve from the gallows, and I clung to it for a short time, and even began making some preliminary preparations for supper against their return, when I saw the minister coming through the gate, and again the black waves of despair rolled over me. But that feeling of sullen resistance was strong yet, also, and I met the minister with the same half-defiant manner that I had Mrs. Peters; and he, why he was not himself at all, no more than I, but seemed to talk with an effort, and feel at a loss for words; and I surprised him once or twice, regarding me with a compassionate, anxious look. He tried to lead the conversation into religious channels, as was his usual habit; reminded me that it was the duty of all to cultivate a patient and submissive spirit under all trials and afflictions; but I did not encourage him to proceed—in fact, I was not minding much what he did say—and finally, saying he would call again soon, he took his leave quite abruptly. The moment he was gone, I was angry with myself and him, too. 'Why did he go so suddenly?' I said to myself. 'Why didn't he tell me? Could nobody speak unless I asked them? Must I beg them to take from me the last straw that kept my head above water?' But I did not indulge in any more foolish hopes. Some one else would come soon, I knew—some one who had less of pity, and could have the heart to tell the worst; and I would not thwart them, either; I would know all, and have the agony of suspense over.

"Several boats were coming in now, but I did not watch them particularly; I knew the doctor's was not among them, and that was all. I walked about the room struggling for composure, and praying for fortitude and submission. It gave me no additional shock to hear the gate open and footsteps approach, for I had been expecting them ever since the minister left the house—the scissors, please," she interrupted herself to say, as she took the last stitch in the little frock in her lap; and then, "Thanks," she added, taking them from the ready hand of Annie Beal,

who for the last five minutes had been more attentive to the story than to her work, and whose blue orbs, usually full of mischief and fun, were suspiciously wet and glistening. Nor was hers the only sympathetic countenance in the circle, for all of us were more or less deeply touched. A few sewed quietly on, attentive but business-like, though most of us sat with our work in our laps, our eyes fixed upon the speaker, waiting breathlessly for the *dénouement*. Mrs. Bascom's kind eyes, like Annie's, were moist with pitying tears, while Sarah Beeman, with her spectacles pushed high upon her head, her eyes staring, and her under-jaw dropped, seemed listening with eyes and mouth as well as ears.

Mrs. Yorke clipped her thread leisurely, and then began trimming off little inequalities in her seam, apparently forgetful of the earnest faces about her.

"There!" she said at last, pulling out a bit of bast- ing thread, and then shaking the little garment and holding it up before her. "There! that is done; and now I should like to see the dear little midget with it on."

"Yes; but, Mrs. Yorke, tell us how it ended, please," said Annie Beal; "you didn't finish, you know."

"Oh, to be sure! So I didn't!" she replied, with a start. "Excuse me, I forgot. Where was I?"

"You had just heard footsteps outside the door," prompted several.

"Oh, yes," she said, laughingly. "Well, the door opened, and simultaneously a voice rung out, 'Here, mother, here's your ten-pounder!' and in came Ben- nie tugging a noble string of mackerel, some of them, as he said, ten-pounders, or well nigh. The others followed soon; but they had to get their own suppers, tired as they were; the day's excitement, particularly the joyous ending, was too much for me, and I had to go to bed."

Some one laughed, gently at first, then others joined in, and the merriment became general. All but Sarah Beeman, who couldn't quite reconcile her- self to the turn affairs had taken. She sat with her spectacles still resting upon the top of her head, looking from one to another wonderingly, and finally, when the laugh had subsided, asked: "What? Didn't anybody get drowned at all? Did they all come back alive, after all?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Yorke, smiling, "they all came back in one of the large boats, and left their own over at the beach. It would have been impossible to have sailed her back in the face of such a gale, and the doctor couldn't help himself."

"But what was the use of all them warnings, and what made everybody act so strange, then?" persisted Sarah, seeming almost minded to argue the point that there must have been some fatality, according to Mrs. Yorke's own showing.

"I've never been able myself to see the use of the warnings," replied Mrs. Yorke; "but as to the strange actions, I was the only one who acted strangely—or, rather, it was my singular behavior

that made my visitors act strangely, and my dis- torting imagination supplied everything else."

Sarah looked puzzled and half offended, as she re- called her spectacles back to their duty and silently resumed her sewing. Annie Beal, catching my eye, slyly shook her fist at Mrs. Yorke, while her rosy lips went through the motion of saying: "The old fraud!" And then catching up her work and going to stitching away briskly, she said audibly: "Well, I'm glad it was a sell, anyhow; a very little more would have set me howling."

"We are to suppose, then," said Mrs. Parsons, who was one of the unbelievers, "that since that time you have not placed much confidence in signs and won- ders, have you, Mrs. Yorke?"

"I have not allowed my belief in them to make me miserable, certainly," was the laughing reply.

Some of us had a good laugh on the way home at the expense of poor Sarah Beeman. Mrs. Yorke and her story was quite slipped from our minds, and we were chatting along upon other matters, when she broke in abruptly with: "What beats me is, what that woman told all that great rigmarole for if noth- ing come of it—nobody drowned, nor nothing! It seems kinder foolish." SUSAN B. LONG.

SCANDAL MONGERS.

AN elegant French woman, the leader of the highest aristocracy of her time, startled one of her gay friends in refusing to hear her witty gossip and piquant scandal about some of the court ladies.

"So far as I know them," she said, "and my ac- quaintance is sufficiently long to enable me to form a just estimate of their characters, they are above re- proach. What their envious rivals may say of them I cannot accept as true. If I err, I prefer to err on the side of charity, and believe they are good till they are proved to be bad."

It subsequently turned out that these calumniated ladies were the most virtuous and accomplished wo- men of the most corrupt court society of France.

An American lady, and every inch a lady, once said: "I speak no ill of others; I make my children follow my example, and I receive no gossip. In this way I live in peace with my friends and neigh- bors. If others have faults and vices, let them suffer for them; it is not for me to publish them to the world. I am indifferent to what others may say of me and mine, for I live a worthy life, and I train up my children to love God and man, and to the per- formance of all other duties."

When she died she left not an enemy behind her, and her name is quoted to this day as symbolic of truth, purity, virtue and of true nobility of nature. Be discreet in speech, generous and forbearing, and you will inflict no incurable wounds or commit no irreparable mistakes.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

"AUNT KITTY'S VISIT."

RAT, tat, rat! And Tom Lansing hastened to open the door, casting a despairing glance upon the untouched breakfast-table, wishing that by some unknown trick he could cause it, together with the general untidy appearance of the kitchen, to disappear and the normal condition of the same to take their place, that being as impossible as to deny admission to his mother, who, knitting in hand, had come to inquire for baby.

"Some better, but Bert was bad last night. Lizzie was up all night. I slept some."

Perhaps unconsciously, Mrs. Lansing's glance traveled about the untidy room, and to the clock which pointed to eleven.

"Baby and Bert have been so fretful, and Lizzie is about tuckered out," he said, as if in answer to her glance.

Mrs. Lansing had by this time reached the inner room where Lizzie sat holding baby on her knee, while with her foot on the rocker of the cradle she kept Bert down. After looking at baby and Bert, and inquiring of Lizzie how she felt, and receiving for answer that she "felt too miserable to live," Mrs. Lansing, senior, sat down to her knitting. Tom stayed in to talk a few minutes, Lizzie saying nothing, and as he started out, another rap, short, quick and showing decision in the owner, called him to the door. As he went, he cast a most despairing look toward the still standing table.

"Good-morning, Tom," in such coarse tones as only Aunt Kitty Barber could use. And Tom grasped her hand, as though it were an anchor of hope. As he led the way to the room, somehow he didn't care at all for the untidy kitchen. Aunt Kitty appeared to carry a sense of protection and help wherever she went. Lizzie looked up, a glad smile on her face.

"Last night Jim Norton stopped at our place and said your children were ill," Aunt Kitty said, as she removed her bonnet.

"They've been very bad—that is, baby has for two days, and last night Bert added himself to our trouble," said Tom, "by a bad cold."

"He is sleeping now, the little dear," said Lizzie, forgetting her weariness for a moment in joy that her children were better.

Bert awoke just then, and Aunt Kitty took him and set him upon grandma's knee, and taking the baby from the tired mother's arms, she laid it in the cradle.

"And now, my dear," she said to Lizzie, "go right off to bed and don't let us see you till evening."

"I am sleepy," said Lizzie, "but dinner is an institution that never to my knowledge has presented itself without assistance, and I must not impose upon you, dear Aunt Kitty."

"I am come to stay till evening, and I dearly love to have my own way," said the imperturbable Kitty, "so off with you."

And poor Lizzie was not hard to persuade that the needed rest might be taken and everything left to Aunt Kitty's care.

"Poor little woman," said Kitty, as Lizzie retired to the bed-room, "a little rest will set her up again."

With swift and noiseless footsteps, Aunt Kitty passed to and fro in the kitchen, and at noon Tom was called (as he knew he'd be), to a very fair dinner, he having, previous to going out, replenished the fire and brought a pail of water. Tom always brought a good appetite to his meals, and to-day was no exception.

"Where's Lizzie?" he inquired, as, after setting master Bert in his chair, he prepared to help the rest at table.

"Gone to bed. I sent her right off, for she is almost worn out with loss of sleep."

"I am so glad," Tom said, "the poor little girl has had a hard time these few days. In fact baby is often ill with his teeth and very fretful."

"Well, for my part," Mrs. Lansing, senior, spoke up, "I don't ever see how the women of this generation are to raise their families. Anything past the usual work just lays them up. I raised eight children and, somehow, I always got along."

"Oh, folks have to get along. But I always thought Polly was a good help to you when your oldest children were small," and Aunt Kitty passed the apple-sauce.

"Polly a help!" Mrs. Lansing, senior, just snorted, fairly put out that any one should suppose that the feeble, weakly woman, her husband's sister, who so long shared her home, was ever a help.

"I always think that any person about the house who can be depended on and who takes an interest in the affairs is a help, and Polly did that. She was not strong to work like some, but she had great tact in managing work, and could keep things moving when you happened to be sick. Then she was so good to the children."

Tom had always heard his mother speak of the pale, feeble-looking woman, whom he dimly remembered, as having been a burden laid on a burden—a special trial.

"I think the beginning of a woman's life—that is, the first few years of her married life, are the hardest upon her. When the girl takes the housekeeping upon her, she does it most cheerfully and with a great pride in her abilities as housekeeper. With her children come added cares, illness of herself and children, till life seems narrowed down to pretty close quarters. As the years go on she acquires greater skill in managing her household, and her children grow to help her. It's amazing what help a little toddler can be, and how soon they come to it. Then," continued Aunt Kitty, "as the years increase, her children are a help and comfort to her. In time she has sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and whilst her sons-in-law are expected to make the daughters as good husbands as possible, her daughter-in-law is expected to be as perfect as possible, and to require little or no

attention. Illness in a daughter-in-law is regarded about in the light of total depravity. All her sympathy is for her son."

"I don't think a mother-in-law expects too much of a daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Lansing. "I know when I was young I had to work, I tell you! Women then had to spin and weave the cloth that kept their families comfortable."

"And the men had to grub out stumps, and roll logs. Those days are passed for both, and I am sure none of us want them back. Of course, women are different, some being more healthful than others. But I never can understand the lack of feeling so many women have for their daughters-in-law—really excellent women, who are kind apparently to every one else, seem to regard their daughters-in-law if not as natural enemies, at least, not as dear friends. In fact, I sometimes wish that I had married myself, in order that I might have had the chance of being a model mother-in-law."

She finished, and laughingly rose from the table, all having finished their dinner, and Tom, who rather enjoyed Kitty's little talk, prepared to go to work again.

His mother Tom regarded as a model woman, and while he loved Lizzie sincerely, and never expected she should be such a housekeeper as his mother, he was conscious of a desire to screen all of her shortcomings in housekeeping from that admirable woman, his mother. Now, if Lizzie had been her own daughter she could have easily seen that she was really an excellent housekeeper as well as a dear little woman. And if Aunt Kitty's few remarks should set him to thinking that perhaps his mother may have had *bad spells* when her children were small and a continual care to her, and if he should really think so, and not consider his wife's illness a thing to be kept quiet, lest mother or the girls should find it out, Aunt Kitty will have done him as much good as she did Lizzie.

When, toward evening, Lizzie awoke feeling rested and fresh for any emergency, it took a few minutes to assure herself that she was the tired little woman who only that morning felt that life was hardly worth keeping, and that for her it was a great failure, and many other equally untrue things. But now! as she sprang out, and hearing nothing stirring, went to the kitchen where Bert was amusing himself quietly with his blocks, baby in his high-chair, which was drawn to the table, had a variety of toys with which he was playing quietly, while both old ladies were knitting and talking, Lizzie laughed merrily.

"How nicely you are all getting along. I declare, it's like magic, Aunt Kitty. You come when we are all about done over—presto! we are all well again, for baby seems better than she has been for a week."

"All baby needs now is care, and Bert is over his spell, and now you are rested you're all right again. What a dreadful world it would be without sleep."

"Or kindness and sympathy," laughed Lizzie.

RUTH.

A FLORAL CHAT.

IT is related of Linneus, the great botanical naturalist, that when a lad he one night dreamed in the chamber of his humble Swedish home the following beautiful dream. He seemed to be ranging the fields, and woods, and river banks of his native clime, intent upon the discovery of some new species of plant. Anon the sweet flowers whose forms and habits he loved so well to study came crowding about him with all the intelligence and tenderness of rational and emotional beings. They gathered themselves into chaplets, encircling his neck and brow. They filled his hands, they crept into his bosom. The boy awoke, not only charmed with his delightful vision, but by it strengthened in his determination to persevere in his researches, which in later years placed his name upon the scroll of renown. His all-consuming zeal in the search and analysis of plants, which is well known, and which doubtless had much to do in determining the character of his dream, was likewise the secret of that success of which he ever regarded the same as a beautiful prophecy. Henceforth, between Carolo a Linne and every "flower of the field," of whatever name, a peculiar bond of sympathy seemed established, and he could never quite put away the idea that it had for him a human feeling of fondness which it cherished for no other being.

If in the scientific investigation, how much more in the practical culture of flowers, does it seem that by a thousand sweet manifestations they yield us "love for love." Nor is it all a dream when they appear in what numbers, and in what variety of form, color and fragrance, clustering about the hands of those who so ardently cherish and so assiduously care for them.

Wordsworth, to whom everything in nature seemed gifted with soul-life and instinct, declared it as his belief that

"Every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Equally as evident does it seem to us that every flower is capable of appreciating the atmosphere of kindness. We often meet with people who affirm that they are "passionately fond of flowers." They have an abundance of time and facilities for the successful cultivation of them, but from some cause their gardens excite our pity rather than our admiration. The truth is, they do not love flowers with that intensity which leaves nothing which is attainable unprovided for the object of its regard.

We cannot hold these our garden pets at arm's length from our embrace or touch. We cannot handle them with gloves on and receive in return their brightest looks and sweetest perfumes.

Yesterday I saw my neighbor at the left at work in her verbena mound with a veil over her face and gauntlets upon her hands, albeit there was neither sun or wind; and moreover a rough stick a foot and a half long must do the work which her shielded

fingers could have done so much more tenderly for the delicate rootlets. Poor little ones! they show how they feel such coldness. Often, with a sigh, she looks over in her neighbor's garden and says: "Well, flowers will grow for some people, but they won't for me."

A poor child of London carried off the prize for the finest plant at a floral exhibition.

"How came you to obtain this beautiful geranium?" said one of the judges.

"Oh, sir, it was all I had to love," was the touching reply. "The sun never came into our court, but I carried it to the sunshine just as I used to carry my little sister before she died."

Such is the pains-taking love for which "flowers will grow," even under the most adverse and difficult circumstances.

We were glad when the friends and readers of the HOME were invited to communicate upon the subject of flowers. We have been trying to decide for which of all our garden and conservatory plants we have the greatest preference. But we have only reached a conclusion which is best expressed by that beautiful Oriental proverb concerning our cherished blossoms of humanity, the children of the household—"Which is dearest to you? The absent until he returns; the sick until he is in health again; and the smallest until there is one younger than he."

Perhaps, if we were compelled to commit ourselves, it might be in favor of several out-of-door plants which bloomed in our mother's garden. Although some of them are not as popular as they once were, it is by no means because they are lacking in intrinsic beauty. What flower in the whole kingdom of flora can surpass, in its exquisite structure, the columbine? How curious and complicated, yet how completely deft and graceful in its form and appearance.

Another plant, quite too generally neglected, is the flower de luce, iris, or flowering flag. With its "helmet of royal blue," and its "plume of downy gold," we cannot wonder that Louis VII should have chosen it for the flower to be emblazoned upon his coat of arms; and that the plant so knightly and martial in its entire appearance should have become the regal choice of France, England, Spain, Hungary and other countries.

There are other flowers for which we should love to put in our humble plea, among which is the classic poppy, which we always cultivate (under protest, however) in one corner of the garden. For one flower we *must* be allowed to speak just a word, notwithstanding its peculiar odor—which, by the way, we find to many is *not* disagreeable. Its praises have been celebrated on many harps, from that of dear old Chaucer down to that of him so recently hushed in the land of the Rhine and of song. And nothing surely was ever written or said in its behalf so tender and delicate as by Bayard Taylor, when he sung that sweet little song of three stanzas, which he christened "Marigold."

"Homely, forgotten flower,
Under the rose's bower,
Plain as a weed,
Thou the half summer long
Waitest and waxest strong,
Even as waits a song,
Till men shall heed.

"Then when the lilies die,
And the carnations lie
In spicy death,
Over thy bushy sprays
Burst with a sudden blaze
Stars of the August days,
With autumn's breath.

"Fain would the calyx hold,
But splits, and half its gold
Spills lavishly;
Frost that the rose appals,
Wastes not thy coronals,
Till summer's lustre falls
And fades in thee."

HARRIETTE WOOD.

NERVOUSNESS OF PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

AS a rule, orators manifest a painful anxiety about their speeches. They are uneasy and nervous, as if anticipating failure. This is due to the very sensitive organization which makes them orators.

"Why, how nervous you are!" said a friend, on taking Canning's hand just before he rose to speak.

"Am I?" was the Prime Minister's reply. "Then I shall make a good speech."

Daniel Webster, on the other hand, was cool, calm, collected. His nerves were of iron. Everything had been thought out before he rose to speak.

"Mr. Webster," asked a friend, nervously grasping him by the arm on the morning when he was to reply to Hayne, "Mr. Webster, are you ready?"

The great man, bringing his open right hand vertically down into the palm of the left, quietly said: "I have got four fingers in."

"Four fingers" was, among sportsmen, the mark of an unusually heavy charge for a gun. Mr. Hayne found out how heavy the load was.

A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in the prospect of a great case he was about to try. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet from nervous anxiety.

This nervousness and anxiety seems a condition of oratorical success. The late Lord Derby, "the Rupert of debate," as he was named by his admirers, said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting over what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also. He began timidly, and in many cases he scarcely left off trembling even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech.

The Home Circle.

FROM AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: Aunt Chatty was called away suddenly one day last week to visit a sick brother of her "dear dead George Nelson's"—as the blessed little body calls the only man she ever cared for—and before she left she told us to mail a little package of manuscript to you. Now we girls are bound to have some fun; you know she makes fun of us, many and many a time, and tells our faults, and bad habits, and how we have to pinch along with our old clothes, and how we sit and talk at the dinner-table, and all that, and now do please allow us a little privilege in her absence. We'll tell you how it is, so you will enter into the joke.

One day last May auntie had an invitation to attend a golden wedding and to make an address on that occasion. Now that woman can do anything, from writing a speech all the way down to wringing off a chicken's head, and though she fairly wrung her hands in dismay at the idea of reading an article of her very own with all the faces looking up at her, we coaxed and petted, and patted and persuaded her to accept the invitation. One of us was to go with her for company, and to be able to report to the other girls, and then—you know we'd want to fix her up nice, for she's not proud enough to care much how she appears. Either broke the splints and the girls all drew cuts to see who'd get to accompany her. Lottie drew the longest splint, and she danced like a puppet for joy.

It was a "grand occasion," indeed. It was at the home of William B. Miller, Esq., of Nevada, O. Over three hundred were present; everything was beautiful and in order; the tables were laden abundantly with luxuries; the gifts were appropriate and valuable; people were happy, and the event was all that could be desired by the family and their guests. The minister, and the doctor, and the judge, and the editor all made charming addresses—the Free Masons and their wives also contributed in every way to make the day the crowned one of all the year, and last came Aunt Chatty with her address which we send you on the sly.

It is a grand occasion which brings us together to-day, the bride and the groom of fifty years ago, the sons and the daughters, the grandchildren, the relatives, the friends, the neighbors, the honored guests, all met under this hospitable roof from homes far apart lying between ocean and ocean. If any event is worthy of special celebration it is that of the golden wedding. To the close of our life will we cherish the memory of this day; all things combine to make it a thing to be remembered, joyfully, sweetly, reverently. We swing backward, our thoughts drift over the years, we seem to see the patriarch of to-day—patriarch through compliment—and the priestess beside him as they were, boy and girl, half a hundred years ago, blushing, and smiling, and timid, and no doubt wonderfully elated over the day's work. We would not be afraid to hazard the guess that for a time previous the lad had lived on the tops of the delectable mountains, had sipped ambrosia and found life to be about half moonshine and half Mary Burns.

Nature is calling upon us with a thousand voices to feast upon her manifold beauties, her music of

birds and bees, of woods and waters, her meadows starry with blossoms of gold, newer, and fresher, and lovelier than when the stars sang together.

It may well thrill our hearts with rapture, this mingling together in this great social event. What a cause for thankfulness it is! Two, walking together side by side for half an hundred years, working together, planning, managing, rejoicing, sorrowing, looking into each other's faces for encouragement, for good cheer, for sympathy—trusting, loving on till the end. They never found cause for a surreptitious visit to Indiana, never had occasion to write confidentially to those wonderful tricksters of lawyers in Chicago who break asunder matrimonial bonds for a paltry recompense—never regretted the one deed of their young lives, ratified while in their teens. Few incidents there are that touch us to tears sooner than to look upon an elderly couple mated and married, really and truly, in their youth. They grow to bear striking resemblance to each other—sometimes to be hands and feet to each other, or, seeing and hearing. We have seen such persons refer, one to the other, quite as we would seek reference in a lexicon or an encyclopædia. How charming! How beautiful the exquisite growth of the graces of such a wedded life! Sometimes we hear the unobservant say of such a couple: "Why they look alike! They bear the resemblance of brother and sister. How strange!" No, it is not strange, it is one of nature's truest laws carried out into a beautiful fulfillment.

A few years ago an elderly couple, thus divinely blest, who had lived a wedded life of over fifty-nine years, harmoniously, occupied a front pew in our church. They were one in spirit, as they were one in law—they had grown to resemble one another in a marked degree, the same, soft, blue eyes, and placid brows, and little pensive mouths, and their very gait was the same. That dear old couple! When they came up the long aisle in church she walked demurely behind him; he toddled on feebly enough; she politely measured her steps to suit his; when he reached the pew he opened the door, and with his weak, shuffling step stood back, cavalierly, bowing gently while my lady, the queen shrined in his affections, walked in and was seated. It was one of the prettiest sights ever beheld, and though we saw it for years, every time we felt a sob come, and our eyes would look through a mist. We couldn't help it; it expressed so much. We read, as adown long printed pages, of the years of toil, hope, joy, sorrow, anguish beyond utterance of speech, struggles, faith, hope, trust and all the daily communion that had knit together, and welded together these two souls. And one time we sat between the blessed old couple during communion service, and he took the bread, the symbol of his crucified Lord, and breaking it with his own tremulous hands he gave it to each of us. When the next communion service came around, his wife walked up the aisle alone, the companion of her journey of more than half a century was gone—his eyes looked upon the beauty of that world where the blight of no sin hath ever crept and of whose glory it hath entered into the heart of no man to conceive.

It has been said that one is scarcely sensible of fatigue if he marches to music; so if we are blest in our domestic ties we are oblivious to time, we note not the approach of age—the golden afternoon of

life steals on apace, and we heed not the slow decay of the faculties—that wisest of God's mercies—one of the provisions for death. How stealthily the dimples make way for the wrinkles; how quietly the first gray hair hides among the raven locks; how lightly we laugh over that stitch in the side; how we "heh!" and call the warning creak in the sinewy spine "only a kink in the back," while the tell-tale crows' feet at the corners of our eyes we think comes prettily from our genial good humor, our level tempers, our love of fun and our overflowing good-nature.

It don't seem that we are growing old, though it does seem sometimes as though they didn't make their mirrors of as good stuff as they used to. We've heard a great many complaints about shoddy in looking-glasses.

Our own awakening to the fact that we were no longer youthful and attractive came upon us very suddenly, years ago. We were waiting at Albany in that grand depot for the midnight train. The rain was pouring down in torrents, a cheerless night it was. A great many passengers were waiting. We settled down between an old man and his wife from "the Illinoy," and afterwhile the steady patter of the rain lulled us all to sleep. When we woke and looked around only one person in the assemblage was awake, a drunken man on a seat in front of us. He grinned a sickly smile, and peering over at us, said: "Granny, granny! come s s set 'long side, an' an' le's git 'cquainted!"

A great deal of the happiness of life comes from within; if we are constitutionally happy we will have the knack of finding good in all things about us, and in all the events that come to us. If we will, we can reach the poetical side of the real, and can purify, and glorify, and beautify it into the ideal. It is right in this practical age to keep up a little of the freshness, and youthful buoyancy, and romance of life. What one of our poets calls:

"The charm of life's delusive dream."

The luxury of believing

"That all things beautiful are what thy seem."

Sometimes we wonder why people permit themselves to grow gray all over; to allow the mosses and the lichens of whims, and notions, and prejudices to creep over their natures and bury them away from sight in this fast whirling age of progress. Why will they lengthen their faces, and fold their hands, and dolefully whine out: "'Twan't so in the good old days." Good old days when ten dollars a month, including washing and patching, was capital wages! When the poor mothers carded, and spun, and wove, and clothed their families—of the John Rogers' number—and sang hymns from morning till night!

The better days are with us now. The gray dawn of the millenium is breaking; its roseate glow lights up the eastern skies; the morning light illumines the darkened places. Science walks abroad, she flaunts her banners before us; he who runs may read, and the truths are so plain that the weakest intellect may comprehend. To one imbued with a love of natural science nature unfolds her hoarded poetry and her hidden spells, for him there is a voice in the winds and a language in the waves, and he is

"Even as one

Who by some secret gift of soul or eye
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

Knowing this, why will a man "sit like his grand sire carved in alabaster," quibbling with straws, bothering his brain about who was the father of

Melchisedec, and whether, for a surety, poor Absalom's hair was reddish brown or reddish black.

Life is very earnest, and we will find it all too short for the duties, and the claims, and the responsibilities which it has laid upon us. There is no time to sit down and twirl our thumbs, and knit our brows, and endeavor to find out the exact difference betwixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

"Oh, friends whose lives still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years."

How blest in your relation; home, children, friends, all of life's comforts and blessings; beloved by your neighbors, useful in your day and generation—may all this continue until the end. In contrast with this pleasant train of thought comes up to us, unbidden, a ridiculously humorous incident once related by a lady who was a resident of Missouri in early days. She said her nearest neighbor was an elderly widow with a family of three or four grown sons and daughters. They were a very rude, illiterate sort of people, but kind neighbors. One morning one of the tall girls came in hurriedly with flapping skirts, and standing with her back against the wall, said: "Mam's dead."

"Your mother!" said the lady. "Oh, I am sorry for you! Very much grieved, indeed; there is no loss like that of the mother. How much you will miss her!"

"Yes," said the girl, "we'll miss her awfully. She was good to eat all the crust an' the burnt cookies!"

We congratulate the bride of to-day, a woman young in years yet, and with whom still linger the gifts and graces of girlhood, that her children properly appreciate her and love her tenderly. How few the couples who stand side by side when the anniversary day of the golden wedding comes around. One face—the face that was all the world to them—is lying under the grasses in the lonely burial ground. How many there are, who, looking away beyond the shining gates of the beautiful land, upturn their unknissed faces, and in anguish cry out what England's poet has so touchingly coined into song:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But, alas for them, for

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back any more."

But what sweet comfort under sore bereavement brings the pure-souled Whittier to those who mourn:

"The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh—
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings,
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I n't richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust for me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;

And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star
Thy welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

There is no peace out of Christ—in Him is "perfect peace, and if He giveth rest, who then can give trouble." Let us treasure up that kind of courage which makes one strong to endure discipline, and all manner of tribulation and sorrow, for know we not that these afflictions are "but for a moment." Let us garner the sunshine of the past years, and with chastened steps and chastened hopes push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and where the storms never beat.

AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

SWEET HOME.

"Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home."

WELL and truly sung, sweet singer!—from the depths, alas! of a heart then aching for the rest and peace of that haven of repose. Not when we are compassed about with all its calm delights and sweet observances, so safe from evil, so free from real trials that we must needs *imagine* some to keep ourselves in the normal allowance of discontent that human hearts always contain, do we realize how precious a thing it is just to have a home. But let misfortune come, to ourselves or our friends, so that either our home must be broken up or we must leave it for weary weeks and months, then we begin to know what home means.

No other home will answer the want of our hearts. Circumstances may place us within some domicile more spacious and splendid than our own; we may tread on velvet, and sleep on down, and luxuriate amid all that is pleasing to ear, and eye, and touch; but it is not home; and how gladly we would go back to the lovely, familiar place—to our ingrain and cottage furniture, perchance, our little melodeon, and our pet chromos, and our worn writing-desk, and the few shelves of much-used and well-beloved books. Brilliant fantasies, solemn Nocturnes, weird songs without words from our friend's grand piano, while they charm the ear and interest the mind, are not as dear to our hearts as the sweet old Scotch melodies, stirring revival songs and grand old hymns known to our humbler instrument and more limited skill.

And what the trial must be when sad reverse of fortune sweep away the home, only those who feel it know. How many have suffered it within a year or two past! To see the cherished treasures of happier days, be they few or many, rich and valuable, or simple and of little intrinsic worth, pass under the auctioneer's hammer, scattered far and wide among strangers who know none of the associations that made them dear to the owners, must be hard indeed; especially if you are meantime eating the bitter bread of dependence, the husks and chaff of a country foreign to your soul. God pity all such sorrowing ones, and bring them safely to a new haven, where love may brood and hope may sing, however lowly the nest!

There is so much in the very feeling of possession. "Our own" means so much to us. What if the roof be low, and the rooms small, and furniture scanty! What if you work under numberless minor difficulties to keep it cheery and neat, and friends say despairingly, "How will she get along? She has not *this*, and she has not *that*. The *idea* of living so!" Never mind, it is your *own*. You may rise when you please

and retire when you choose, gratify your own tastes and enjoy your own way of doing things; you are sure of tender appreciation from your own dear ones, and all unconscious of depreciation from others; you can there develop all that is best within you. Many a blossom grows and thrives in its own little nook of its native land that would pine and dwindle in a conservatory. Nor would it be the flower's fault if the disappointed observer contemns it there. Seek it out in its own home, and it unfolds every charm of form, and color, and fragrance, and is worth a journey but to see. So with many a human being.

I know a lady, an inveterate "home body"—too much so in her case. On the rare occasions when she can be met elsewhere, she is painfully constrained, nervous and uncomfortable, a trial to her friends and a burden to herself. But visit her in her own old-fashioned, handsome home, under grand old maples and century-old apple-trees, and a warmer welcome or a more appreciative and intelligent companion and conversationalist you need not ask. The nervous, embarrassed guest becomes at once the gracious and kindly hostess, the courteous and refined Christian gentlewoman, and you seem to understand as never before what the beautiful virtue of hospitality really means. It would be better, of course, if she could accustom herself to accept, as well as show, hospitality, and so enlarge the sphere of her worthy example. Much good may be accomplished by simply *being* kindly, and worthy, and good, as well as by *doing* notable acts of goodness. This lady seems to me a living apostle of the beauty and the comfort of simple hospitality and kindness.

Deliver me from the people who are only at their best before company or away from home. Who have smiles, and sweet words, and courteous observances for all save their own nearest and dearest. Who save all their wit and sociality, good humor and charitableness, for the outside world, and have an amiable manner kept for company, like the finest damask, best china and the choicest preserves; and treat the home circle to rude manners, harsh words and bitter speeches. Such a home is *no* home; and little wonder that the children leave it early and return to it but seldom.

Ah, the Christian home! Temple of God on earth, its altar fires always burning, its angel wings ever overshadowing, the Holy Presence ever in its midst! Thence at morning and evening uprises the incense of praise, and thanksgiving, and earnest supplication, which brings back the blessing of God. The father, high priest of his own household, a man with all human imperfections, burdened with cares, wearied with toils, liable to errors, yet cheered, and uplifted, and ennobled by a purpose and a power within, God-given and tending Godward. The mother, frail of frame and oppressed with labors, perhaps, "careful and troubled about many things," yet having chosen, like Mary, the good part, and finding herself sustained by a strength not her own. The children, all very human, very child-like, very faulty; but down deep in the careless little bosoms dwells the influence and the memory of father's prayers and Bible readings, of mother's petitions at their bedsides in the night-watches, long after she had heard their simple prayers and tucked them up for the night. They notice when the rising irritation is held down by the firm hand of Christian self-control; when gentle reproof comes instead of angry invective; when the quiet request, or gentle though positive command is given instead of the stern order. And, insensibly, their own characters are formed and moulded, and in after years many a temptation falls powerless be-

fore the memory of that loving mother's prayers and tender words, or that honored father's noble example and counsels.

It is very important to those who are about beginning to make for themselves a new home, to begin *right*. I was thrilled to the heart at the relation of a little incident the other day. A young Christian friend, just married, took possession with his wife of their new home, accompanied by a large and merry party of young relatives and associates. Fun and frolic ran high; the whole party were in the gayest spirits; and while in full tide of merriment, were called to the table for the first meal in the new residence. The young wife was gay, and brilliant, and worldly, the young husband somewhat sensitive and retiring. Nevertheless, as soon as seated, he called the attention of the gay company, by saying modestly but firmly: "Friends, I believe in beginning *right*. This is our first day in our own home, and it is fitting that we should thank God, the giver of all good, for all His mercies and for what He has here provided." Amid an instant and reverent hush, he briefly implored the blessing of God upon the new household and its guests. The party was not saddened, the gaiety was not clouded; a happier company never gathered at any house-warming than that one; but all felt that a nobler Guest was among them, even the same whose holy presence graced, but did not shadow, the Galilean wedding at Cana. One of the wildest, worldliest of the young guests declared afterwards that he never had been so moved and touched before, and the influence of that trifling yet noble act still lingers in other breasts, and may yet lead them Heavenwards.

Oh, happy homes of our native land!—lofty and lowly, rich and poor, in town or country—God be in them all, and bring the dwellers therein to a better home above!

E. MILLER CONKLIN.

SAVING OF TIME.

THOUGH much has been said and written upon this subject, it is almost inexhaustable; which must be my excuse for presuming to add anything upon it.

There is a class of women, outnumbering any other, in our own country, at least, who are striving from day to day and from year to year, with moderate and often scanty means, and not unfrequently with poor health, to keep ahead of the demands upon their time and attention. There may or may not be "help" in the kitchen—my own experience has been that, in fact, it makes but little difference whether there be or not—but even with one tolerably efficient domestic, there is still so much to overlook; the inevitable sewing and mending, the often-recurring and much-to-be-dreaded seasons of "house-cleaning," the necessary demands of society, etc., that we hear on all sides the despairing cry: "I am *always* behind. I never expect to get even with my work again."

I have often heard the remark made, after reading certain rules and directions upon housekeeping matters: "Oh, that is all very well in theory, but more difficult to reduce to practice." And, indeed, much that is written seems hardly to be the voice of *experience*, which always appeals much more strongly than volumes of theories. As a preliminary, therefore, to any little helpful suggestion I may be able to offer, let me state rapidly something of my own situation.

About five years since—having previously met with reverses which left us nothing but our household

furniture—we were burned out, barely escaping with our lives. A few articles were saved from the fire, chief among them a small cabinet organ and book-case of books. With these we had to commence life anew. The old adage that "misfortunes never come single," seemed to be verified in our case. My health, always poor, became still more impaired, and I was forbidden to do anything but the lightest work. The times grew harder and harder, and for months of the time my husband has had no steady employment. For awhile I had no heart to try to make a *home* again. Without health, with absolutely nothing to begin with, and the tastes and habits of—may I not say a lady?—I felt helpless and forsaken utterly. I had two children—a girl of six and a boy of two years of age—not a large family; but still every mother knows there was enough to be done, more especially after the loss of wearing-apparel, bed and table linen, etc. Since that time I have been obliged, with such help as my husband and children can give me, to do all my work—washing, ironing and sewing included—and have given from five to fifteen music lessons a week, when I have not been actually confined to my bed.

Under these circumstances, the saving of time and labor has been to me an eminently practical question. I have never found that slighting or neglecting any part of the work made any diminution of trouble in the end, and it would be absolutely impossible for me to accomplish what I am obliged to every week without a systematic arrangement and division of my work. Housekeeping, with every convenience and plenty of money, is still complicated.

The mother of a family has many cares, and if the domestic machinery is to move with regularity, there must be no screws loose, and nothing must be forgotten. There are women who can accomplish a great deal in a short time when driven to it by necessity. They will get along in a slack, shiftless fashion for some days or weeks, until they can do so no longer, and then be seized with a spasm of order and cleanliness, which is only less to be dreaded than the former state, from the discomfort it causes to those around them. It is no wonder that the husbands of such wives seek for what they cannot obtain at home elsewhere.

To leave generalities and particularize. I went one day into a lady's house, and found its appearance like a mammoth rag-bag—rags at the right of me, rags at the left of me, rags in front of me (begging Mr. Tennyson's pardon), turn which way I would, only heaps of rags greeted me.

"I am making a carpet," said the lady of the house, "and I am giving up everything else until it is done."

I will say nothing of rag carpets. For my own part, I rather question their economy; but many people will always use them, and to such let me give a word of advice. When cutting work, make a practice of putting the pieces left, which are large enough to be of use, into a bundle by themselves; next cut the remainder into carpet-rags then and there, and put them into a small basket kept for the purpose. I say a *small* basket, because a *large* one will contain more rags than can be sewed in a few moments. Then sew them as they collect. If you don't exactly see how to spare the time, take it anyway, and you will be surprised after a short time to find that you are ready for the weaver, and you will have never missed the time spent in sewing them. Moreover, you will not be obliged to convert your house into a pandemonium for weeks, and be confronted afterward with a pile of other work which you have

been obliged to neglect during the carpet fever. This plan, if not a *saving* in the amount of labor, will certainly be an improvement in the way of saving confusion, worry and consequent loss of temper.

When the change from summer to winter, or *vice versa*, is fairly upon you, look over and put away those garments not to be used until the next season; then consider the matter, if it be summer, and decide just what will be needed for the entire family in the way of under-garments for the coming winter, and proceed leisurely through the summer to get everything in readiness. Then when the cold comes upon you suddenly (as it always *seems* to do), you have only to make your dresses and outside garments, which cannot always be ready beforehand on account of changes in style which cannot be foreseen. Then, while your neighbors, less wise and prudent, are frantically endeavoring to prepare for winter, you can proceed, quietly and comfortably, to make the articles which you will require in the spring, thus avoiding all hurry and anxiety.

In cold weather it requires some little courage and self-denial to keep cold rooms in order, so most people neglect very much that should be attended to, until by spring confusion and dirt reign supreme. There is no saving in this. A little daily attention to chambers will obviate all trouble of this kind; and even in our cold Wisconsin climate there is now and then a lovely day in midwinter when one can very well open the upper windows and thoroughly sweep, dust and regulate the whole house. In this way the spring cleaning will be a much less formidable affair. And this same cleaning should be taken homeopathically. No weakly woman can do it in a hurry without suffering for it; and those who are strong and healthy have no right to abuse the strength which God has given them. But of this, more anon.

MRS. ELLA K. BLAKE.

"THE HERB CALLED HEART'S-EASE."

PREPARATORY to showing up my bouquet on the editorial desk, I intended warning the occupant that there might be some crowding. Having failed in giving notice, I forbore the threatened process, and now beg leave to lay upon our "Home Circle's" table this tribute from the queen's country.

A question has been raised regarding this communication which I would like both young and "old folks at home" to help decide. Is the writer a lady or a gentleman? Arguments for and against have already been offered, the most conclusive being in favor of the latter sex, inasmuch as considerable information is conferred, none apparently desired. A woman, it is reasoned, especially in so lengthy an epistle, would naturally "Want to know, you know."

"Ottawa City, Canada West, April 21st, 1879.

"MADGE CARROL: Responding to the invitation which closes your article in the current number of Arthur's excellent HOME MAGAZINE, I send a few thoughts about the glorious flowers and my favorite.

"I love flowers ardently. Were they to be taken away, I feel a blank would be left in the creation. Imagination cannot suggest a substitute for them. There are many things which give pleasure to age, but impart no enjoyment to youth; and others which afford a gratification to the young which the aged cannot share. The rich can procure pleasures which

the poor cannot obtain, and the poor enjoy advantages the rich cannot purchase; but some things appear equally to delight the old and the young, the rich and the poor. Chief among these are flowers. Yes, whether flowers flourish in the garden or the greenhouse, whether they are scattered on the pathway, sprinkled on the verdant bank or strewn over mountain or valley, whether adorning the stateliest room or brightening the humblest home, whether blushing on the breast of the maiden or drooping in the hand of the tired laborer, they never fail to please, they impregnate the air with their sweetness and delight the eye with their exquisite beauty.

"Sweet it is to enter the conservatory filled with elegant flowers, where the night-blooming cereus, the scarlet geranium, the fuchsia, the lobelia, the japonica, the arum and the china rose, are mingled with a thousand other beautiful flowers! And sweeter still to walk in the garden, where, in their appropriate seasons, we may see the lovely rose, the gaudy tulip, the stately hollyhock, the gorgeous peony, the modest pansy, the anemones, dahlias, carnations, stocks and marigolds! And still sweeter than all to roam at liberty in the sunlit fields and sequestered dells, where the bashful primrose, the golden buttercup, the dancing daffodil and the sweet-scented violet are profusely scattered.

"The gay and glorious flowers! they neither 'toil nor spin,'
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all appareled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiamed with light.

"My favorite is a little flower that grows in almost every garden. It is lowly but 'tis sweet, and if its gladdening name expresses its power, there is none to be compared with it. This lowly little flower is the heart's-ease. Its heavenly azure mingled with splendid gold, reminds us that if our faith is as constant as its hue, we shall eventually be crowned with glory. Though its modest charms assert themselves in the *parterre* of the wealthy, it is the flower of the poor, for it delights to adorn the little garden where the aged man or lonely widow, seeing it, dreams over 'the days that are no more.' Retiring, lovely, delicate floweret! may the Father of mercies plant thee in the bower of every human heart, and teach us how to maturate thy beauty!

"Precious flowers of the world! bestowed by angels' mercy! How gratefully we ought to love them, as they teach us that the more we see God in His works the more we should trust Him in His ways; for if He so adorns the flowers of the garden, so clothes 'the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

"With grateful appreciation of your welcome and instructive articles, I subscribe myself

"Admiringly yours,

"OVER THE BORDER."

Reader mine, the season's sun declines; we see farewell drifts of color tangled along the hillsides and trailing through the valleys. The days grow short, darkness comes more swiftly. May the fragrance from my bouquet reach you where you sit; may this little "herb" I lay upon the sewing-table bring a message; and God grant that neither the writer of the above letter, nor any one of us, shall lose hold of the great Healer's hand—shall cast away the "hope of glory," the immortal heart's-ease

MADGE CARROL.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 42.

"Oh, dreary life!" we cry; "Oh, dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing."

I AM listening to one of them now, a mocking-bird perched upon the cross-piece of a honey-suckle frame; and a flock of swallows are whirling and twittering around a neighboring chimney, as gayly as if there were no sorrow in life. I think swallows must be the happiest beings in the world; they sing all the time they are flying, and seem to have so little to do but to sing and fly. The sun and the flowers, and the blue skies, too, are all so bright through these lagging summer weeks. Nature has little sympathy with man's moods, and when we tire of her brightness, if she cannot cheer or draw us with her, she keeps on her even way, unmindful. I am thankful when each weary day draws to a close, bringing partial respite from the heat, and relief from the glare of the long, bright afternoon. Relief in rest, from the cares and pains of the waking hours; relief in sleep, from thoughts that weary and sometimes torture. Why must there be so much suffering and sorrow in life, that we grow tired of God's beautiful world? We ought to enjoy it while we live in it, and be thankful for all its gifts. Yet sometimes we cannot—the heart is too sick to appreciate them. Sometimes, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over us," and we can only "cling to the rock," and pray for the storm to be overpast. Often, then, the waves are too strong for us, or our hold too weak, and we are washed out to sea, where we struggle vainly by ourselves, until we see some rope which faith throws out to us, and tired of battling longer, we only hold fast, and are slowly drawn back to our refuge. Well for us, if we can stay there then, with faith to hold us securely. But how few of us are perfect enough for that.

"We say: wherefore for me, this pain,
This weary watch while others sleep?
Wherefore for me to sow the grain,
And hunger feel, while others reap?"

I look on either side, and see
Fair gardens, rich with fruit and flowers.
Wherefore, *for me*, these desert wastes,
While others rest in fragrant bowers?"

The storm-clouds gather o'er my head;
I cannot bide their darker frown,
My heart is sick, my hopes are dead,
My weak hands cast my burden down."

Is not this the natural cry of many a sorrowful heart, whose joys have all been taken away, the while it sees others so happy? Blessed are they who can come in time to feel the answer to this:

"Oh, weary heart! the helping hands
Are held across life's boisterous wave;
A pitying Christ the storm commands,
And waits to comfort thee, and save."

"Have faith, and take thy burdens up,
Nor dare to murmur at thy Lord."

* * * * *
"Perform the work He gives to thee,
The 'well-done' welcome, will be yours
With the All-Father, only he
Is counted worthy, who endures."

Is it really so, I wonder, that the more suffering we endure here, the more happiness we will enjoy hereafter? Some of the ancients held such a belief,

and the poets have breathed forth through many of their writings the idea that the greater the cross, the brighter the crown, and Christ himself, our one real authority in such things, said: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Is there not in this an implied promise of good, after the tribulations are over? In case, of course, that they are rightly borne.

I remember just now, some thoughts about the uses of sorrow, which I read years ago, and copied in my scrap-book, because I thought them so good. These are a part of them. "Sorrow is the great birth-agony of immortal powers—sorrow is the great searcher and revealer of hearts, the great test of truth. It reveals forces in ourselves we never dreamed of. The soul seems to itself to widen and deepen. It trembles at its own dreadful forces; it gathers up in waves that break in wailing, only to flow back into everlasting void. The calmest, most centred natures are sometimes thrown by the shock of a great sorrow into a tumultuous amazement. * * * * *

Who shall dare be glad any more, that has once seen the frail foundations on which love and joy are built? Our brighter hours, have they only been weaving a network of agonizing remembrances for this day of bereavement? Why this everlasting tramp of inevitable laws on quivering life? If the wheels must roll, why must the crushed be so living and sensitive? And yet sorrow is God-like—sorrow is grand and great. The intense sympathy which we give to the tragedy which God has interwoven into the laws of nature, shows us that it is with no slavish fear, no cowardly shrinking, that we should approach her divine mysteries. *What are the natures that cannot suffer?* Who values them? * * * Sorrow is divine—the crown of all crowns was one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the mystery of sorrow, but only one that bids us glory in tribulation, and count it joy when we fall into afflictions, that so we may be associated with that great fellowship of suffering, of which the incarnate God is head."

Last night I could not sleep during the first long hours, and slipping from my bed, sat awhile at the window, where a soft, cool air from the east came stealing in. The trees were sleeping, without a breath to stir their leaves, and all was so peaceful and quiet, that at last I caught something of the same spirit. I looked above, to the millions of stars that shone with such soft radiance, and they seemed to whisper: "Come up higher." Ah, could I! But down in the darkness of the valley, the heights look so far away, and I, too weak to climb. Still looking upward, thoughts came of loved ones gone before, and it seemed to be their voices, speaking through the stars: "Come up higher," and I wondered if they were really near, as some think they always are, "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister" unto the children of earth. It is pleasant to think so, and when we are ready to go, it is a helping thought that they will be around us, ready to lead us into the blessed land; so that it will not be a going out into the dark, alone, but holding to a loving hand. Was not Richmond's article on the "The Fear of Death"—in the June Magazine—a good and comforting one? Are there not many who will thank him for such words, and look upon this subject differently, henceforth, and without such shrinking hearts? Thanks to the training received when a child, I have always believed just as he writes about it; but there are so many who have such dread of this natural and inevitable change,

who look upon it as something awful to be gone through with, that I should think any word which might soften their ideas, and lighten their gloomy fears, would be gladly welcomed. I dislike so to hear a minister, or any Christian, speak of death as a "dread monster," or a "terrible angel," when it is in reality such a welcome change to many; and I wish all could appreciate that beautiful metaphor, "Death is but the dropping of the flower, that the fruit may grow." And if in putting off this body a few hours of physical agony are suffered by some, how few are there who have not suffered just as much more than once during their lives. There is no real reason, that I can see, for its being thought a dreadful thing, except by those who have not lived

so as to be prepared for it. To those who are ready, I believe it to be only a quick transition from the presence of friends beloved, here—if such we have—to that of those in the world beyond, who are waiting for our coming.

"Sweet souls around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping, glide.

"Ah! in the hush of rest ye bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a thing
The hour of death may be."

LICHEN.

Mothers' Department.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO?

I WAS reading a letter about children in "Pipsy Potts's" article in one of the magazines, and I fell to thinking of how, a few years ago, a family of children used to amuse themselves almost too much sometimes, if that is possible. Now it was not for a day or a week that they enjoyed themselves with their playthings, but months and years—from the time their busy little fingers began to draw the tin wagon about until father had brought home several school-books—perhaps longer.

I do not know that all children would like to play as these children did, but I think most of them would. These little ones were glad of the long, rainy days. Even before breakfast mother would see boxes, and baskets, and books coming, as if by magic, to the table; then followed the unpacking, and, amid the constant hum of dear little voices, the table became covered with innumerable (I might almost say) bits of paper; then came more boxes, some wood, some card, from six inches square to a foot or more; some of these had windows and doors in them; the windows were curtained with real curtains, lace tied back with tiny cords and tassels. After a time the bits of paper had gathered themselves up, or been gathered up, and were each in their respective homes. Near some of these miniature houses were cattle-yards, barns and granaries; there were cattle, horses, sheep and even paper fowls. Sidewalks grew miraculously all over the table and about the floor, as occasionally some of the people dwelt under the table. Then there must need be a long, dangerous bridge, made by placing a narrow board several feet long from the table to the floor.

Let us look into one of the houses. Here is one of great dimensions; probably some very rich or great man lives here, possibly a president or king. Nearly all the front of the house is open. Here you find the bits of paper that were scattered in such seeming confusion about the table (but the children knew their families nearly as well as you know yours); here the tiny people, dressed in holiday clothes, sit on paper chairs or ottomans. The sofa is full of babies. One elegant little lady, with a trail to her scarlet dress nearly as long as she is tall, stands in the centre of the room, another sits at the organ, which instrument is made of a bit of picture-frame moulding. Some of the things are really pretty; the little sofa shows careful work, being made of ladies' cloth and dark paper, and looks just like a real sofa. This elegant room is carpeted with a piece of bright flannel,

and there is a tiny looking-glass on the wall made of a piece of mother's broken mirror, and framed with strips of tin foil. There are numbers of pictures, too, framed in a similar manner; most of them are painted; for the children, with now and then a little help from older members of the family, or, better yet, help from dear mother, have become very handy, as with their bits of fancy paper, tin foil, paints, etc., they make scores of pretty things—tables, chairs, carriages, sleighs, dresses, hats, cloaks—in fact, almost everything they need in or about their play-houses.

This paper community does not sit still. Whole families are constantly going from place to place; children go to school, merchants to their stores, and sometimes a loaded wagon ventures down the steep and dangerous bridge, if some one happens to have some business to settle with the inhabitants of the valley.

In summer-time the children would gather tiny branches and grasses, and put them in spools, and arrange them so as to make cunning little orchards, groves and arbors, and even forests (they sometimes had dried grasses for this purpose in winter), and beautiful birds of paradise perched on the branches of the trees. These were made by pinching off pea and bean-blossoms properly, and the buds make the young birds. If you have never tried it, do, and see the resemblance to birds.

I have seen numbers of children play with paper dolls, but they were dolls—these were people. That is why they were so interesting. Each family had its home, and everything necessary to make them comfortable. You can learn a good deal of your child's disposition by hearing him or her talk, for each child must be voice for the family in its keeping. These children I write of became very particular just before they put away the paper things to rest for a long, long time, for childhood was going away. There were elegant lace dresses covered with tin-foil spangles, satin hats and cloaks, velvet clothes, and all kinds of fine things, prettily made, and often the colors harmonizing well together. There were many great personages in those days—kings and queens and men of honor, knights and ladies; but all of a sudden the grandees began to decline, and the little people went quietly away, to dwell on or under the table no more.

But even now, sometimes, a little packet comes to light, and in it are relics of childhood. It is folded and laid away again, there are so many memories clustering about those paper things. Even touching them sends an old-time thrill to the heart, and for a

fleeting moment the child-soul looks out of the woman's eyes. The years slip away, sunshine trembles through the old kitchen, touching everything with gold, mother sings the wee ones to sleep, the tables are covered with houses and playthings, great parties are given, miniature menageries move along, there are flags flying, the engine stands at the depot, the steamer is anchored, and all the little paper world

seems to be alive again. But it is only a memory—a beautiful, sunny memory of childhood.

Sing, little bird, in the top of the maple!
Blow, summer wind, o'er the blossoming wildwood!
Swing your rich censers, O delicate flowers!
Till in the spirit I find the blest hours
That bloomed in the heart of my childhood.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROWN EYES."

A LITTLE blue violet hung her head modestly in the shade at the foot of an old forest tree. She nodded and wondered, and wondered and nodded, whispering often to herself: "How much I should like to know where the birds fly to every morning. I often hear them tell their little ones what they have seen in the great world, and promise them, if they will be bold and try their wings, that they, too, shall soon see it. Why have I not wings under my petals, so that I can fly with them?" Then she nodded very fast, for that was her way of laughing, and she thought how funny it would be to see a violet flying away in the morning and coming home at night to rest on her stem. The more she thought, the more discontented she grew.

One day, when the little birds were taking their first lesson in flying, one of them came down to her, and as the mother-bird had to go in search of some worms for dinner, she left the little one to keep violet company till she came back. Then violet opened her heart and told birdie how ambitious she was to see the great world, and as she knew some day he would be able to reach it, she wanted him to see if he could not find some way to get her there, too. Little birdie promised to do his best, but was to say nothing of it, for, if he failed, violet did not wish to be made fun of by the other flowers.

Not many days passed before birdie began to take long voyages on wing, and after each one told her all that he had seen. To repay him for this, she would nod toward a leaf which hid a fat bug, or to a hole in the ground, and say: "Wait a minute, and you will see a worm come out; I saw him go in there a little while ago." And thus she made birdie grow stronger.

One day, after he had been gone a longer time than usual, he came back very tired; and violet nodded very satisfactorily to herself that night, and as she fell asleep said: "I shall hear in the morning; he will be rested then, and more social than if I had seen him on his return."

Sure enough, birdie came down almost as soon as violet had bathed her petals in the dewdrops which had fallen on her while she dreamed of soon being taken to see how and where people lived; she knew not how it would come to pass, but felt sure birdie had found a way. And so he had, for he told her how he had sung her praises to some children whom he found on his way home as they were strolling through the woods looking for wild flowers, and he sang: "I know where a beautiful blue violet grows; but you can never find her unless I choose to tell."

"What will you take for the secret?" said the children.

"Some of the daintiest crumbs you can find," replied birdie.

"Very well," said the children, "meet us here tomorrow, and you shall have them."

"So now I am to go to a certain branch on the old maple tree, which maybe you could catch a glimpse of if you should hold up your head and try to stretch your stem," said birdie to violet.

She did so, and in her joy and eagerness almost broke her frail stem.

"Am I as pretty as ever, birdie? Are my petals curved gracefully? I do not look pale, surely, for whenever the sunlight found me yesterday I closed for fear I should fade."

"Oh, no," said birdie, "you are as beautiful as ever. How sorry I shall be to see you go away. I would be more contented, violet, if I were you, and live and die at the foot of the dear old tree, and if I am here when you droop with age, I'll sing sweet songs to cheer your last hours."

"No, no, birdie, don't be sentimental. I am determined to shine in the world. I know how handsome I am, and I want people to appreciate me."

"I am afraid she will be a sad violet before many days," sighed birdie as he flew away. "I am sure I appreciate her; but if she is so unhappy, I'll help her all I can."

He did not go to town that day, but flew around from tree to tree, and peeped now and then at the sun to see if it was time for the children to come. At last he heard a voice calling: "Birdie, birdie, here are your crumbs! Where are you?"

"Here, here!" said birdie, as he flew down for a taste. The children put them on the ground, and stood a little way off, for they knew he would shy. After eating a few, he said: "You have kept your promise, now I will keep mine. I'll fly ahead."

"No, no," cried the children, "that won't do; we can't walk as fast as you can fly."

"I'll wait," said birdie, "on each tree until you are at the foot."

And so he did. At last he reached the old tree from whose roots foolish little violet had sprung. He looked down and nodded, and sang: "The one who finds her first can have her."

They looked all about in the deep moss, and at last one cried: "Oh, what a beauty!" and was careful to break her stem off close to the ground. They carried her away on a large piece of moss to keep her fresh and cool.

The room is hot and close, the heat of the sun will find its way in despite all nurse can do. The little sufferer tosses from side to side, now in mamma's arms, then in nurse's. A gentle tap at the door, and sister calls softly: "May I come in and see brother for a minute?"

"Very gently, my child," says mamma, as a bright-faced little girl almost bounds in, she is so happy.

"Just see what I have brought for Carl!" she cries.

"Now I know he will get well."

The weary eyes open and grow bright, the parched

lips look moist and the feeble voice cries almost joyously: "Lay it on my pillow, sister. Dear little violet! I feel better now."

By and by, after he and violet had whispered to each other all their secrets, the little boy fell into such a peaceful sleep as he had not known since he had been sick, and violet nodded and said to herself: "How I should like to tell birdie of this. He would

not laugh at me because I am not great; he would be glad to know that I shall bring back the roses to these pale cheeks. I told Carl all about my old home, and he says after I have faded he will keep me until he gets well, and then lay me at the foot of the old tree, and tell birdie to sing a sweet song over my grave, for I have done some good, if I am only a simple blue violet."

Familiar Science.

FAMILIAR BOTANY.

It will be remembered that the principal distinction between the *Exogens* and *Endogens* consisted in the fact that the former grow outside, showing their mode of increase by concentric layers of bark; the latter inside, the wood being in threads within a mass of cellular tissue, of which last the rind is only a thickening. Endogenous plants have but one cotyledon, and principally parallel-veined leaves.

Undoubtedly the greatest family found within this division are the palms and the grasses, while scarce less numerous, if not so important to mankind, are the rushes and sedges. The Grass Tribe (*Graminæ*) is very difficult to study, but we need not be discouraged in attempting to learn some of its best-known and most useful representatives. For instance, we may remember that *Zea mays* is the Indian corn; *Triticum vulgare*, wheat; and *Secale cereale*, rye. *Briza media* is the beautiful quaking-grass, and *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, or sweet vernal grass, is that which gives the delicious odor to new-mown hay.

The Arum Family (*Araceæ*) is a remarkable one. It is noted for its peculiar flowers void of true petals, and surrounded by *spathas*. The most striking member of this group is not a native of this clime, but from it may easily be recognized its relatives. *Calla æthiopica*, the Egyptian lily, is the plant in question. The pure white appendage is the *spatha*; the golden *club* (literally) in the centre is the *spadix*; and this last, with the forms at its base, make the true flower. Of course, we all know Jack-in-the-pulpit, or the Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*); not so many, perhaps, are familiar with the blossoms of the skunk-cabbage (*Symplocarpus foetidus*), though here in the East the large leaves are common ornaments of our swamps. The *spatha* of this plant is large, and mottled with brown and purple, seeming to spring directly from the ground without any stem, the great yellowish spadix within the wide orifice giving the whole the appearance of a wigwam with a good-sized umate.

In the *Alismaceæ*, or Water Plantain Family, we find one of the most beautiful inhabitants of our streams and ponds, the arrow-head. Few have failed to notice the smooth, glossy leaves of the shape of a barbed arrow, rising amid the rushes along the water's edge; or the clusters of exquisite, delicate white flowers, of which the upper on a spike differ from the lower, although each kind has three petals. This is known as *Sagittaria variabilis*.

And now for that most extensive, most brilliant, most wonderful order, the *Orchidaceæ*. Perhaps a number of us have found, deep-hidden within the shades of a dense, moist woods, the showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*). Or, wandering along the road-sides, have gathered the pretty ladies-tresses (*Spiranthes gracilis*), with its leafless, curled stem,

bearing tiny, delicate white blossoms around the convolutions. But we must go within the tropics—or at least into the hot-houses—to be dazzled by a bewildering array of spicers, and bugs, and butterflies in all the colors of the rainbow, every one of which oddities is the petal of a flower! We have read of the Flower of the Holy Spirit, a gorgeous orchid of Central America, in which a pure white dove seems nestling in a bed of velvety crimson.

The Amaryllis Family (*Amaryllidaceæ*) resembles the preceding one in the splendor of its coloring. The commonest member is the bright little star-grass (*Hypoxis erecta*), of which the pretty yellow blossoms and grassy leaves adorn our woodlands; in our gardens we have the narcissus (*Narcissus poeticus*), with its white flowers tipped with red; the daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*), differing from the former chiefly in the color of its blossoms; and the snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*). The century plant (*Agave americana*) is a handsome representative of this group.

The Iris Family (*Iridaceæ*) seems nearly allied to that of Amaryllis, though it is not so large. The curious and beautiful flags belong here—*Iris versicolor* is the common blue flag; *Iris ochroleuca*, the yellow flag. The gay, spotted blackberry lily is known to botanists as *Pardanthus chinensis*, while the lovely blue-eyed grass is *Sisyrinchium bermudiana*.

Very like the three preceding orders is the *Liliaceæ*, or Lily Family. But while the former have corollas more or less irregular, this is noticeable for having invariably six petals—or better, sepals, arranged in two rows, three being within and three without. The wake-robins differ from other liliaceous flowers in having these last colored green, and so unlike the other three. These plants are remarkable for being in threes throughout. *Trillium cernuum* is the nodding trillium. We must not, however, consider one genus to the exclusion of others more important. *Uvularia perfoliata* is the beautiful, creamy, drooping bell-wort; *Polygonatum giganteum*, Solomon's seal; *Convallaria majalis*, the lily-of-the-valley; *Lilium superbum*, the Turk's-cap lily. So easily are lily-plants recognized, even by one totally unfamiliar with the principles of botany, that it were a useless task to enumerate the many well-known plants which belong here.

The *Commelynaceæ*, or Spiderwort Family, seems the connecting link between the lilies and the grasses. The wandering-jew of the hanging-baskets has three-colored petals, but jointed stems and long, sheath-like leaves. *Tradescantia virginica*, with its large blue flowers, is the common spiderwort; *Commelyna virginica* grows abundantly along the damp banks of our wooded streams, and it may be easily recognized by its having three petals, two of which are bright blue, the third small and white.

Having so soon reached the end of the inward

growers, it may seem that they are less numerous than the outward. But when we remember the vast diffusion of the grasses and reeds, we may conclude that the two classes are nearly equal. And now we are ready to take up the second grand division of

plants *Cryptogams* (the first was *Phenogams*, flowering plants), which we must understand do not perfect their seeds by means of blossoms.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Evenings with the Poets.

PATIENCE.

ON silent wings an angel
Through all the land is borne,
Sent by the gracious Father
To comfort them that mourn.
There's blessing in his glances;
Peace dwells where'er he came:
Oh! follow when he calls thee,
For Patience is his name.

Through earthly care and sorrow
He'll smooth the thorny way,
And speak with hopeful courage
Of brighter, happier day;
And when thy weakness falters
His strength is firm and fast;
He'll help to bear thy burden;
He'll lead thee home at last.

Thy tears he never chideth,
When comfort he'd impart;
Rebuking not, he quiets
The longing of thy heart.
And when, in stormy sorrow,
Thou murmuring askest, "Why?"
He, silent yet, but smiling,
Points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer
Each question that's address;
His maxim is, "Endure thou,
And after toil comes rest."
Through life, if thou wilt love him,
Thus by thy side he'll wend,
Oft silent, ever hopeful,
Still looking to the end.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still:
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;

The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer—
We did not speak one word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

THE LITTLE STARS.

AND the sun set out on his mighty ride
Round the world;
And the stars spoke up, "We go at your side
Round the world."
But the sun was angry: "You stay at home!
I will dazzle your eyes if you dare to come
On the fiery ride round the world!"

And the stars all went to the moon so fair,
In the night,
And they said, "You live in the cloudy air
In the night;
Let us walk with you, for your milder light
Will never dazzle our eyes so bright."
And she called them her "friends of the night."
*From the German of ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT.
Translated by REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.*

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

HOW will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier
wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower, and star-flower, and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hill-side nooks are empty and cold?—
Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?—

Oh, then, as we lay
Our ear to earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown:"
We will dream of green leaves when the woods turn
brown.

LUCY LARCOM, *St. Nicholas for November.*

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

As yet we are unable to present to our readers any decided fall styles. In this transition month we may see one day a costume suitable for midsummer and the next, one decidedly autumnal in its appearance. In September it is always in good taste to adapt oneself to the variable weather, regardless of the modiste and the fashion-book.

For the warmer mornings and evenings the pretty suits of gingham and lawn, with their kindred, continue to be worn. In the ginghams, the fancy for bright dashes of contrasting colors still holds. Percale dresses are trimmed with colored embroideries upon white grounds, to match the shades of the figures. Waists of wash dresses are usually made round with a belt attached, and are adorned with rows of shirring. Indeed, shirrings are seen in many forms and places. One of the caprices of the day is to have the waist one mass of shirred clusters, another, to have the vest part of a basque so made, and the middle form of the back gathered to correspond. Sides and fronts of overskirts and tops of flounces are similarly ornamented, whether the material be cotton or silk. For a deep silk flounce, headed with separate clusters of shirring, the material should be cut straight.

White dresses retain their popularity. These are often of French muslin, or of pique, with the skirt nearly covered with ruffles of embroidery. They are always made with short underskirts and are usually accompanied with white accessories—a muslin fichu, trimmed with Breton lace, bows and belt

of white satin ribbon and a cluster of white flowers, daisies or rosebuds. Gay waists of colored foulard silk, softened by frills and loops of lace, are also worn with white skirts. For evening, dainty dresses of plain or dotted Swiss are made over slips of pink or blue silk, and trimmed with ruffles and bows of the same material.

New overskirts are short all around and puffed, not even reaching to the knees, reminding one of the styles worn about ten years ago. Another model has a seam down the front for about half its length, at which point it is cut away on each side, sloping gradually downward and backward, thence obliquely upward to join the long, separate, gracefully-draped breadths in the back. The bare look of the front seam is taken away by a row of deep folds (or any other trimming preferred) running diagonally from the waist in front parallel to the lower edge of the garment, which should be similarly trimmed.

A pretty fichu is in the form of a simple short cape behind, with long scarf ends to cross and tie at the waist in front. This may be made of lawn or cambric for lighter costumes, or of silk, cashmere, etc., to accompany heavier ones. Some kind of an outside wrap is the law for street costumes at present, unless the basque is made with special reference to out-door wear. Many of the latest models for coats represent a short, half-fitting jacket, with the favorite close vest. New basques have the back breadths long, and trimmed to represent a panier effect. Skirts, intended to be worn with elaborately-trimmed overskirts or polonaises, are now frequently made perfectly plain around the hem.

New Publications.

FROM SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Spiritual Songs for Social Worship. By Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. This is a convenient abridgment of the larger volume entitled "Spiritual Songs," intended especially for use in the Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting. Like its predecessor, it gives us a judicious combination of old favorites and new friends.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

No Danger. By Mary J. Hedges. A rather entertaining book, full of sound, moral teaching, though in no sense original, and in very little artistic.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Nile Days; or, Egyptian Bonds. By E. Katherine Bates. A novel, striking in many ways—in the portrayal of character, the disposition of incident, the knowledge of antique and classical lore, the vivid description, the truth and tenderness of

sentiment, the unique plot and the unlooked-for termination. Without pronouncing the book a work of the highest order—which, in fact, it makes no profession of being—we may truthfully say that of its kind it is a finished creation.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Miss Margery's Roses. By Robert C. Meyers. One of the sweetest and purest of home stories we have ever seen. We seem, indeed, to pass through a lovely garden, embowered in roses, breathing perfume and overhung by a fair and radiant sky, as we listen to the voices of the heroic Margery, the child-like Edith, the noble Hugh, and the gay though deep Talbot, and gaze down into their very hearts, with all their raptures and agonies. We recall no books at present, scarce even Edward Garrett's or George MacDonald's, in which so many sweet, tender, God-like thoughts, growing out of homely, humble surroundings, are clothed in language so exquisite, so crystalline, so wonderful. Only a little summer idyl—yet no one can read it without growing immeasurably purer and better.

Notes and Comments.

Practical People.

THERE is a class of persons—and they are quite numerous—who are staunch believers in what they call practical common sense in the affairs of life. They have no poetry and no nonsense about them. The most noted member of this family is, perhaps, the well-known old gentleman who thought Niagara a glorious place for washing sheep. He has many relatives—men who see in every emerald meadow, dotted with golden buttercups and starry daisies, only a good inclosure for pasturing cattle; every gently-rising hillside, over which the last crimson rays of the setting sun love to linger, a very nice field for turnips; every cool, tossing, tangled woodland so many cords of timber—women, to whom every breezy, sunny day, beautiful with blue skies and fleecy clouds, is good weather for drying; every hour pinched from needful sleep, or coveted rest, or instructive entertainment, so much clear gain for carpet-rag sewing; every penny wrenched away from present needs and pleasures, something more toward the contingent rainy day.

These are the people who coldly say of a heart-stirring description or an inspiring lyric: "That's all very well in poetry, but it won't do for practical, every-day life." Who sniff at the sight of tastefully-disposed adornments, arranged with loving hands: "Flowers and books won't give you food." Who croak at the discovery of a Latin grammar or a roll of music among a young person's effects: "You'll never make your living by this; you might have bought a few yards extra of warm flannel with the money." Who rake out a discarded pair of stockings and exclaim: "You could have darned these all up nicely while you were reading, and had thirteen pairs instead of twelve."

It might occur to some of us to ask these wise ones: What are we here for? Only to eat and to clothe ourselves? Then why will our earth feed any creatures other than those suitable for meat and beasts of burden? Why will the soil produce anything besides potatoes and turnips? Why do not the trees grow up as straight sticks, without grace and color? Could not the winds blow and the sun shine if the sky were painted a cinnamon hue? Wouldn't it be an improvement upon nature's plan to have muscles and nerves of cast-iron?

If our chief concern in life is to eat and wear clothes, no wonder there is such a decided enmity between poetry and our earthly affairs. To be sure the amount spent for flowers and books would have bought us more expensive dinners. Certainly any thought given to anything else than earning something to buy more clothing is folly. Most assuredly it were more sensible to put a little more into our trunks than our minds. (What poor things the last are; they have no mission in the world, for they can neither eat nor wear clothes!) Why should we strive, and suffer, and love, and hope? "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

O friend, do you see yourself? How lean, how poor, how pitiful! Think! Suppose you were sent into a place to do a certain work, with the assurance that your bodily needs would be supplied. Would you do the work with all your heart, and trouble yourself little about what your employer had promised to give you, or would you be so afraid he would for-

get that you would spend your time in worrying about it, and neglect the work? And yet, what is your work? Is it not to dignify and elevate humanity, and enrich your own soul in the establishment of a pure and noble character? Yet, what are you doing but making of yourself a mere caterer to your body?

We will not ask, Is this true wisdom? but, Is this practical common sense? Is it the best course of action to dwarf our intellects, contract our hearts and spend our energies, so that we may make a little more money, or keep alive the dread of an evil time which may never come? To let all the beauty and glory of intelligent living go by us, while we toil in the dark pits? To waste our daylight, our strength and our life in the ceaseless endeavor to sit down always to a groaning table?

Give all things their places, and there will be no antagonism among them. Believe that labor, and food, and clothing are the necessary adjuncts of existence, that they require conscientious thought, and that we cannot neglect them with impunity. But put them down, and keep them down, where they belong, in a place suggesting foundations; for, like fire, they are valuable servants but tyrannical masters. Then, as it were, rear upon them, not without them, yet towering far above them, the real things of life—those things which are "unseen" and "eternal"—the pure, imperishable spirits of truth, and charity, and loveliness, and beauty.

There are not two kinds of existence arrayed against each other—one of every-day use, the other of occasional luxury—any more than there are two kinds of trees, the most serviceable being buried in the earth, the more ornamental towering aloft in the air. The two are distinct—root and tree—yet they are one, neither being complete without the other, the latter, all grace and strength, resting upon the former, which is all solidity. So it is in a true life. Observe farther that the tree could not stand without the root, though the root might remain in earth for awhile without the tree; yet it would be useless and hidden in the darkness. So, though the lower life is necessary to the higher, it may exist alone; but when it does it is worthless. See also that though the tree is dependent on the root, this is mostly out of sight. And so, in a really noble mode of living, the mere necessities, though great and present, are scarcely seen.

Land Owning.

THE Real Estate *Bulletin* has some good hints on young farmers making an effort to own their own land. It says: "As men advance from youth toward middle age, they learn many important lessons from that indefatigable and unerring teacher—experience. One is, that by their own unaided labor, they can obtain little beyond a bare support for themselves. And so it occurs to reflective and sagacious minds to make an effort to secure the co-operation of some one, or something else, to make some one, or something, to work with or for them. This is done in various ways. Perhaps the most certainly profitable assistant a man can obtain is old Dame Nature herself. A man who holds a good title to a well-chosen piece of land has secured the services of a faithful worker, whose labors cease not while he

rests, and who will work incessantly when sickness or accident render him unable to work himself.

"It is not such a hard thing to become a land-owner, even for persons of very limited means, if you are willing to begin in a very small way. A very small sum will purchase an acre of land, and after that is purchased, it will seem to you, who never owned a foot of land before, quite a territory. If you plant and till it yourself the products of the soil will, in a short time, pay back and double the amount paid for it. Or, if your immediate needs require you at your clerk's desk, or your workshop, the rent of your land is coming in to aid you in your efforts to force a living out of your small earnings. Meanwhile, your land is yearly increasing in value, and is safe amid all the fluctuations attendant upon other investments. In a few months, by economy and a few acts of self-denial, you will be able to buy a little more, and so on, from time to time, until you become an extensive land-owner."

The Human Figure.

RUSKIN says that to be a successful artist, it is necessary first to have a true knowledge of the human figure, making this the standard of all other forms, passing downward from it, through the various shapes of animals and limbs, plants and leaves, to the conventional representations found within the domain of decorative art.

Setting aside the high reputation of the writer quoted, and all thoughts of his quick sense of beauty and fitness, as well as his earnest lifetime spent in the study of the noblest works of creative genius, we, ourselves, when once our attention has been called to the subject, may easily believe the truth of this observation. For in nothing else than the "human form divine" appears such a wondrous combination of adaptation and grace. From Jupiter, by Phidias, to Aurora, by Bailey, the fascination of exquisite, idealized, perfect physical proportions has never lost its power over mankind.

So, even, were we unable to offer anything better, we would say to an artist that it pays to study the figure, such study insuring a better degree of success. But we would say the same to any one, for such a course could scarce fail to give in return a truer knowledge upon the subject, with, as a result, a far higher appreciation of the beautiful everywhere. By studying anatomy in this sense, we do not mean learning the locations of several dozen bones and muscles, nor committing to memory a long string of Latin names. What we do mean, is, observing carefully the outlines and relative positions of the different parts of the human body.

Just how to do this, every one, perhaps, does not know. So we are glad to be able to give a few valuable hints in the matter. In the April number of *Scribner's Monthly*, Mr. William F. Page relates how, while practicing his profession as a painter in Rome, he re-discovered the method taught by Pythagoras, of measuring a man. Interesting indeed are all of Mr. Page's statements, but the two most so, we believe, are the following. First, that he took the idea from Revelations, xxi, 17: "And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man." Second, that he first communicated his discovery to his friends, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Briefly will we state the conclusions deduced by Mr. Page from the verse partially quoted. One hundred and forty-four, the measure of a man, is the

square of twelve—then twelve ought to be the standard, both of height and breadth, for a rightly-proportioned human form. And our investigator found that this is literally the case, the best specimens in nature coming within his notice, as well as the finest ancient statues—the Egyptian Water-Carrier, and the remains of the works of Phidias—fully confirming his observations.

Of course all who have access to the article would do well to read it, and study out the plates. But we can give this much as a guide for those who, not having the magazine at hand, would be glad of more extended information.

Draw first a square, marking each side off in divisions of twelve. Then join each point of separation to the one opposite by a straight line, so that the whole will be cut up into one hundred and forty-four small squares. It will be well to deepen the perpendicular line dividing the square into two equal parts, for this line will also be the middle partition of the figure which we purpose drawing.

The head may now be outlined so that the forehead and eyes will be within the two small squares on each side of the middle line next the top, the line forming the base of each cutting through the ears and nose. The chin will be almost the centre of the next two lower squares, the remainder of each being occupied mainly by the curves of the neck, which turn abruptly, then gradually slope down toward the prominence of the shoulder, nearly one-third the height of the division above, the next horizontal line. The prominence mentioned occurs in each of the two squares by the side of those containing the neck and chin, dwindling down into the arm, at the lowest outer corner of each. The next row of squares is marked by the position of the outstretched arms, they, from finger to finger over the chest, extending completely across the large square, making a line exactly equal to the height of the body. The middle finger is immediately below the line forming the tops of this row of squares, an upward curve of the hand and arm reaching slightly above every separate one. Immediately beneath those containing the prominences of the shoulders are those showing the place of the armpits, and the downward slope of the chest.

The remainder of the figure is comprised chiefly within the two middle rows of squares, just touching the edges at the waist, extending beyond them at the hips, and curving considerably within them at the knees and ankles. As we have intimated in speaking of the arms, there seems to be a distinct anatomical mark at every place crossed by one of the lines forming the lesser squares; for instance, the extremity of the breast-bone is at the base of the fourth pair from the top, the waist is marked by that of the fifth, and the space immediately above the knee by the eighth. The perpendicular lines next to the outermost cross the wrist, so that the length of the extended hand may be taken as a divisor, or one-twelfth of the length of the body. Any one may test the accuracy of this scale by measuring himself with his own hands, allowing, of course, for an occasional departure from symmetry in his own person, and from it also he can deduce any fraction of a given length.

Of how much use all this may be to our readers, we cannot say. But we indulge in the belief that, once thoroughly understood, this principle may aid many of our friends toward a more intelligent enjoyment of true art, and perhaps tend, in a measure, to do away with some of the prevalent, popular empiricism regarding form.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year	\$2 25
3 copies "	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

Back numbers from January can be supplied.

From the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*.

COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

MR. EDITOR: I see you advertise the above Treatment in the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*. Please allow me a few words of commendation. At my instance, Drs. Starkey & Palen sent a box containing two months' Home Treatment to a young lady friend of mine in Madison County, Miss., without charge, who has been an invalid for years. The two doctors attending warned her against its use. It was then sent to me by this lady friend. My wife being in feeble health, and having been for many years, I persuaded her to use it, which she did. She began very soon to improve in strength, and continued to improve, and passed through the unusually hot summer of 1878 and the fall, cooking and attending to all her domestic duties with more strength and less fatigue than she had done for ten years preceding. Then during the winter nursed the sick, day and night, with more than usual loss of sleep, and exposure, and effort, and all without breaking down, which she could not have done at any period during ten years past up to that time. In order to have some experimental knowledge of the effect of this Treatment, I used it several times myself. In all my life I never used anything that produced so soon such a pleasant, healthful, naturalness of condition. Gave a glow of youthful buoyancy by increasing the vital forces of mind and body. It gave a compass and power to my voice that it never had before.

I believe it is one of the most important and valuable discoveries that has been made in many years, of remedial agents, for the increase of vital force and healthful condition to invalids of all classes. Now, Mr. Editor, I am no agent for these gentlemen nor their remedy—never bought it, never sold it. I want to be useful, and therefore give this voluntary testimony to a good remedy for the benefit of invalids, and its publication will be useful.

REV. WILLIAM B. HINES.

Waynesboro, Miss., May 5, 1879.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, the fame of which is rapidly extending. Also a record of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. It will be promptly mailed to all who write for it to

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

MAYOR BEATTY'S GENEROUS GIFT.—*Washington, N. J., July 10th, 1879.*—A large gathering of children was held in the M. E. Church at Washington, New Jersey, on Children's Day. An address was delivered by Hon. Daniel F. Beatty (of Beatty Piano and Organ fame), the mayor of the city, who presided at the meeting. The audience was also entertained with recitations and singing by the children. Beatty's Orchestra furnished excellent music. The gathering of the children was the largest ever known in Warren County. The pleasant announcement was made by the pastor at the conclusion of the ceremonies that Mayor Beatty had presented the Sabbath-school with a new library, valued at \$360. This is only one of the many gifts the mayor has contributed to the church and the poor within the last few months.—*New York World*.

LADIES who desire a faultless complexion, free from impurities, should have recourse to Madame Rowley's Medicated Toilet Mask. Many leading society ladies have paid tribute to its marvelous virtues as a beautifier. For descriptive treatise, containing full particulars, address The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York.—*Com.*

THERE are thousands of people who have no idea of the pleasure a trip to the sea-shore is; besides the novelty to those who have always lived in country places of a ride on a large, handsome and safe steamship, the pure invigorating air of the Delaware River and Delaware Bay with points of interest that can be learned from descriptive pamphlets distributed gratis on board, the amusements of every kind, including bathing, riding or strolling on the beach and fishing, make the excursion to Cape May by Steamship Republic one of the most desirable. The Delaware Bay and Cape May Railroad makes direct connection at Cape May Point with the REPUBLIC, and gives all ample time to enjoy any of the sports of seaside resorts. The price is trifling, only one dollar for the round trip.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES OR MEN. \$50 to \$100 PER MONTH easily made selling MRS. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT's new book entitled

THE COMPLETE HOME.
The Morals, Health, Beauty, Work, Amusements, Members, Money, Savings and Spendings are all clearly dealt with in fascinating style, full of anecdote and wit, holding the threads of a charming narration of family life.

For full description and extra testimonials, address

J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In Styles to suit all hands,
may be had of all Dealers
throughout the WORLD.

60 Mixed Latest Style Cards, in case, 10 cents. Premiums
given away. DAVIDS & CO., Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, Snowflake and Lace Cards, with name, 100
40 all chromos, 100. Star Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

BEATTY'S OFFER FOR THE AUTUMN MONTHS.

A \$370 13-Stop Parlor Organ for only \$96.25.

ONLY
\$96.25

Warranted

6
Years



Great reduction from former Prices for the FALL
months 1879. In order to introduce a New Style Cab-
inet Organ, I will sell the following elaborate highly finished New
Style Cabinet or Parlor Organ during the AUTUMN
Months, for only \$96.25 my very lowest former
price for this or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an
Instrument has been during the past winter \$125.00, but in order to have it
more widely known, I offer it at the above remarkably low price.
Order at once! My chief object in making this immense reduction
this Autumn, being to push my sales up to a point beyond all
former comparison.

Description of this beautiful Instrument as follows:
BEATTY ORGAN Grand Upright
Cabinet Organ.
Style 1686. Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in.
Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves. French
Venetian Paneled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat de-
sign. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior
Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in
this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactur-
ed for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an
Instrument by the Manufacturers' Agents, about \$370.00.

My Price during the \$96.25
Autumn Months, only

Please order the Instrument at once, and pay
for it only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it
is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both
ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and I
positively will not deviate from this price. Warranted for 6 years.
For Every Organ sold, sells others. The most successful
House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any man-
ufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world.
The men there so where but it lights my testimonials. Since my re-
cent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Eu-
rope, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village
throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by
my celebrated instruments.

NEW PIANOS
\$125, \$135, \$145 and upwards. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Having recently been
ELECTED MAYOR

of my City, and intrusted with its BOND amounting to
thousands of dollars, should be sufficient proof of my re-
sponsibility. Illustrated Newspaper giving information about
cost of Pianos and Organs, containing testimonials of thousands
in their own neighborhood and you may know sent free-
this offer only good during the Autumn Months.

who are using my instruments, some of whom may be
send for my very latest Circular now ready.

Please Show This Magnificent Offer to Your Neighbors.

Address all orders to DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

60 Crystal, Floral, Enamel, Gift, Scroll, Motto, Marble
Cards, no 2 alike, name on, 100. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

LADIES send stamp for Price-List of Jew-
elry. Agents Wanted.
THE UNION COMPANY, Stony Run, Mich.

SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN
Considerable quantities of same have been sold for
months of the year. Almost any time may be played on the
Anybody in a few lessons easily learns. For FIFTY DOLLARS
we will send for ONE-FOURTH PRICE, THIRTY CENTS,
or the three cent post stamps to pay packing and postage. We
do this to first introduce them. Agents wanted everywhere.
Address SMITH'S VALVE ORGAN CO., Philadelphia.

**It is impossible to be sick when Hop
Bitters are used. One trial proves it.**



GOSSAMER WATER-PROOF GARMENTS.

5 GRAND MEDALS:
Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1878;
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Get the Genuine! Beware of worthless
imitations! Ask for the Gossamer Water-
Proof Garments, and see for yourself that
our firm-name is stamped on the loop
of the garment. None are genuine with-
out they are so stamped. Our garments
never, under any exposure, to either
cold or warm weather, adhere together, or grow soft and
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ried in the pocket. Send for Illustrated Circular.

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PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any
part of the body. \$1; Nervous Debility
Pills, \$1; Invigorating Pills, \$1; all post-paid.
Address Dr. VAN HOLM, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.
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EAR DISEASES!

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker's Book on Deafness and
Diseases of the Ear and CATARRH
their proper treatment, espe-
cially Running Ear. How to get immediate relief
from all annoyances of these diseases, and a sure,
harmless and permanent cure. A book every
family should have. Sent free to all. Address
Dr. C. E. SHOEMAKER, Acute Surgeon, Reading, Pa.

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LESSONS IN HAIRWORK,

With specimens, \$5.00. Chains worked at \$2.00. Address,
with stamp, Mrs. M. W. BOWEN,
Sycamore Dale, W. Va.

Free! A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT. Free!

Any person sending 25 cts. to cover expense of packing
and mailing, will receive by return mail an elegant box
of perfumed French PAPETERIE, 24 envelopes and sheets
of paper, and a 52-page Autograph Album, illustrated
with ferns, flowers, etc. We depend on future orders
for our profit. MACK & CO., Springfield, Mass.

Compound Oxygen.

A New Treatment for the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Vitalization

REPORT OF CASES.

CASE No. 13.

In a case of *Hay Fever*, we have this report from Brooklyn, New York:

"Mrs. L.—was gratified with Oxygen in Hay Fever. Instead of prostration for a month after her attack, she was as well as ever right away."

CASE No. 14.

A gentleman in Orange, New Jersey, ordered a Treatment for his wife who was far gone in *Consumption*. After she had used the Oxygen for two months, he wrote:

"It is now two months since I received your Compound Oxygen for my wife. As I stated, on ordering it, I considered her lungs too far gone to effect a radical cure, but believed it would make her more comfortable, and to some extent prolong her life. I am agreeably disappointed. She has improved so much that I have now strong hopes that she will be completely cured. Her appetite never was better. She is gaining in flesh, and has increased in strength. Her cough is much less, and there is left only a little soreness in one lung."

CASE No. 15.

Patient in a *scrofulous* condition, and suffering from *neuralgia*. Reports result, after using Compound Oxygen for two months, as follows:

"Last spring I had *neuralgia*, and the *scrofulous* bunches were coming out on my neck, as they had been for a number of years. I inhaled the Compound Oxygen once a day for two months, and stopped, as I felt well enough."

"I have not felt so strong for a number of years before, as I have all summer; really quite young and vigorous. One of the *scrofulous* bunches broke, but it healed very soon; while at other times they have kept open for a year, and more, and were very troublesome. The others which were quite large and sore to the touch, went away; and I am firm in the belief that the Compound Oxygen is the best remedy for *SCROFULA*."

CASE No. 16.

"About forty-five days ago," writes a gentleman from Mississippi, "I began the Oxygen Treatment, and as regards the effects of it, with a grateful heart I can say that it has proved wonderfully efficacious, even surpassing my most sanguine expectations. My lungs have been much developed, breathing capacity increased, and the cough, which was at times hard and laborious, has almost passed away. My general health has much improved—feel more life-like and energetic, having gained eight pounds in forty-five days. Indeed, I am much gratified with the effect of the Oxygen Treatment, and do not hesitate to recommend it to those who are afflicted as I was. I am confident that if I continue the treatment another two months, it will restore me, almost, to my usual good health."

CASE No. 17.

Mr. S. W. C., a merchant of Hanover, N. H., procured the Home Treatment for his wife, who was a great sufferer from *Asthma*. After using the Treatment for a little over a month, he made this report of the case:

"I thought I would write to you in regard to my wife, and tell you of the wonderful effect of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. When she commenced using it, No-

vember 23d, 1878, she was a very sick woman, coughing incessantly all day, and nearly half the night. Could get no rest at night unless she used a preparation of chloroform and alcohol, or chloral. The former we gave when the severe attacks of *Asthma* came on, and the latter, or rather both, to induce sleep. Twice, and often three times during the night, was she obliged to take both in order to get rest. Her sufferings during the *asthmatic* attacks were distressing in the extreme to her, and very painful to us who witnessed them.

"As soon as she commenced using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, we were convinced it was having an effective influence, for it seemed for about a week that the *Asthma* and the Treatment were having a serious conflict, in which, at the expiration of ten days, the Treatment was victorious; since then she has been steadily gaining. After omitting the chloral, we were obliged to use *hyperdermic* injections to quiet her nerves so that she could sleep—could not omit them as soon as you wrote that you wished to have us. About ten days since, we omitted the *hyperdermic* injections, and she has rested very well nights—has no cough and no appearance of *Asthma*. * * * She is able to do considerable work; oversees the cooking; and we believe that when the two months have expired she will be a well person. * * * We feel to rejoice with thankful gratitude that we commenced using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, for nothing we had tried permanently helped, only relieved her temporarily. You are at liberty to refer to me or my wife any one similarly afflicted. I am a merchant, and have been in business in this town since 1844. Shall use my influence to induce others to try the great remedy."

CASE No. 18.

The wife of a clergyman in Charleston, New York, wrote in March, 1878, for a Treatment for her husband, whose health was sadly broken, saying in her letter that she considered the money as good as "thrown away." We heard no more of the case until April, 1879, when she wrote again, saying:

"March 1st, 1878, I sent you the money for Compound Oxygen Treatment for my husband, and said in my letter that it was money thrown away. I must confess that I was wrong. He did not commence using it for some time—has not used it all yet—but is decidedly better. Costiveness had troubled him so long that we thought there was no help for that; but he has taken no cathartic while using the Treatment. Bowels regular now, stomach so much improved that he can eat a little of articles that he had been obliged to abstain from for a year. A difficulty of the lungs, something like *asthma*, better. He has preached twice nearly every Sabbath the past summer and winter. Is stronger in every way. Pardon me for saying the money was thrown away."

CASE No. 19.

In case No. 4, of these reports, the patient, writing under date of April 22d, 1879, says, in closing her letter:

"But I expect to be able to say a good deal more, for I intend to put it to a still further test."

This was done, and she writes, June 18th:

"I can now say confidently that it is all it claims to be. Under its use, I am gaining in health and strength every day; can now eat almost anything I wish, though a month or six weeks ago my diet, even a hygienic one, disagreed with me. My friends tell me I look better than ever before in my life. You will say, as I do, that I have reason to bless the fortunate discoverer of the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.D., M.D.